

Saturday September 14 1996

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Austria A 1.20	Indonesia I 1.50	Pakistan P 0.70
Belgium B 1.20	Italy I 1.20	Poland Z 0.20
Canada C 1.20	Japan J 1.20	Portugal P 0.40
Denmark D 1.20	Korea S 1.20	Qatar Q 0.50
France F 1.20	Malaysia M 1.20	Romania R 0.20
Germany G 1.20	Norway N 1.20	Saudi Arabia S 1.20
Greece G 0.40	Spain S 1.20	Slovenia S 1.20
India I 0.20	Sweden S 1.20	Slovakia S 1.20
Iran I 0.20	Switzerland S 1.20	Slovenia S 1.20
Israel I 0.20	Taiwan T 1.20	Slovenia S 1.20
Italy I 1.20	Thailand T 1.20	Slovenia S 1.20
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The Guardian INTERNATIONAL

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NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR
46,658

With Simon Hoggart's diary, Jeremy Hardy, The Joanna Coles interview, The Week That Was

the week



Shooting a Brit

Gery Adams's controversial autobiography

Why I was wrong about the bomb

Peregrine Worsthorpe repents

Clinton runs but can't hide from questions over 'embarrassing' secret



Health hazard... President Clinton jogging in Washington this week with secret service agents

Mystery as White House refuses to release president's full medical file

Jonathan Freedland in Washington

President Clinton became the centre of an embarrassing guessing game yesterday as White House officials refused to release his medical records — admitting they contained a secret whose revelation would compromise his "dignity".

The White House press secretary, Mike McCurry, said he had every right to hold back details no one "would want spread out on the front page".

Despite Republican demands for full disclosure, officials have only released summaries of Mr Clinton's health history. The Republican presidential candidate, Bob Dole, has issued all his medical records. Unnamed Republican sources suggested Mr Clinton's medical files might reveal past drug use.

Fressed by journalists to give an example of what kind of details would be too embarrassing for publication, Mr McCurry eventually cited "things like racial exams", and there were "distinguishing characteristics" in his genital area.

Asked whether the president had ever been treated for a sexually transmitted disease, Mr McCurry said such treatment would already have been disclosed.

History suggests several of Mr Clinton's predecessors were no more forthcoming over their health records.

There is considerable debate over when Ronald Reagan began to suffer from Alzheimer's disease. Some believe it first struck in the mid-1980s, and was exhibited by frequent memory lapses.

John F Kennedy was plagued by severe backache, but the fact was kept from the American electorate. Dwight Eisenhower's heart attack in office was similarly minimised, while Franklin Roosevelt concealed his polio condition from the public.

Mr Clinton likes to jog, but rarely runs in public. His imagemakers told him a flushed, sweaty demeanour looked un-presidential.

After Stephen Byers, Labour's employment spokesman, briefed journalists at the TUC in Blackpool on how a Labour government might respond to public sector strikes, sources close to Mr Blair emphasised that the Labour-union relationship would continue to change and acknowledged that cutting the ties over time was one option, though an early breach was unlikely.

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Battered unions cut adrift

Labour faces TUC anger

Seamus Milne Labour Editor

A PERMANENT rupture between Labour and the trade unions, a relationship that has shaped British politics for most of this century, is in sight after senior party sources acknowledged that the historic link could be severed after the next election.

In the face of increasingly half-hearted Labour denials of contingency plans to cut ties, the endgame of this week's drive by Tony Blair and his lieutenants at the TUC conference to highlight the growing gap between party and unions became clear.

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Star restaurant, Ealing, London 1996

Neil Kinnock is accused of headbutting one of two men who hit him over the head with a rolled up newspaper.

Lug's, Covent Garden, London 1992

Neil Kinnock's row with John Smith over tax plans overshadowed the run-up to the election.



The Seafood restaurant, Blackpool, September 1996

Stephen Byers, Labour's employment spokesman, dines with four journalists on Wednesday night and sparks controversy over Labour links with the unions.

yesterday and Mr Blair ruled out any move to discipline or demote Mr Byers — as called for by John Edmonds, the GMB general union leader — who is one of the Labour leader's most enthusiastic supporters.

One senior Labour source claimed Mr Byers had come close to being sacked, though that was strongly denied last night by Mr Blair's office. Shadow education and employment secretary David Blunkett was described as incandescent with rage over the fact that Mr Byers had given an unauthorised briefing, but he was asked by Mr Blair not to intervene. John Prescott, the party's deputy leader, dismissed Mr Byers as a "junior minister".

The Byers briefing comes after a week of high tension between Labour and the unions at the TUC, where Mr Blunkett caused consternation earlier in the week by suggesting no-strike, binding arbitration agreements for the public sector and a requirement to re-ballot where an employer makes a "significant" new offer.

That was followed by a spate of rebuttals and counter-briefings. But there was also little doubt that Labour politicians had deliberately gone to the TUC to provoke a high-profile row in a bid for electoral advantage.

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Government plundered pension fund's huge surpluses when industry privatised

Bus pensioners set for £200m

Keith Harper and Richard Miles

THOUSANDS of National Bus pensioners are in line for a £200 million payout after it emerged yesterday that the Government was guilty of raiding the company's pension scheme when it was privatised 10 years ago.

The pensions ombudsman, Julian Farrand — appointed by the Social Services Secretary, Peter Lilley, to investigate complaints from the public — has instructed trustees

to "take all possible steps" to recover the money from the Treasury.

Bus pensioners could gain by up to £1,000 a year after trustees disperse the money "with interest windfall", unless ministers appeal against the ruling, although industry sources suggest this would be unlikely to succeed.

The case will be a considerable embarrassment to ministers. The Government plundered the fund's huge surpluses when the industry was privatised in 1986. Later, the National Audit Office ruled the bulk of the money

raised from the National Bus sell-off came from the winding up of the pension fund.

It is not the first time that the Government has pocketed the surplus in the pension scheme of a privatised company. In 1984, it took an estimated \$2 billion out of the former British Coal pension funds in return for a guarantee that pensions would be linked to the rate of inflation.

The ruling comes as the Department of Social Security is pushing through reforms to protect the members of company pension schemes from unscrupulous employers

following the Robert Maxwell scandal, where thousands of workers' pensions were siphoned off to prop up the media mogul's failing business empire.

Dr Farrand revealed his decision earlier this week in a letter to Jimmy Knapp, leader of the Rail, Maritime and Transport Union, many of whose members are victims of the raid.

The letter confirms the complaint against the action has been upheld. "The amendment to the rules of the scheme was found to be in breach of trust, and the conse-

quence of pressure improperly brought by the National Bus Company," said Dr Farrand.

His letter says that he does not have the resources to make copies of his decision publicly available, but gives the trustees the authority to recoup the money with interest. He says the money was originally handed over to the Department of Transport.

Mr Knapp said: "This is another example of a huge pensions fund raid by political cowboys who have no concern for people who have given loyal years of service."

Prince swipes at 'ugly and bad-mannered' hotels

Owen Bowcott

THE Prince of Wales's crusade against environmental "uglification" and architectural eyesores brought him into open conflict with Britain's hoteliers yesterday.

Attacking damage caused by the international boom in tourism, the Prince claimed

that Hyde Park in London, east European cities, and Mediterranean coastlines have been spoiled by "bad-mannered development".

But his comments, in an article for the Green Hotelier magazine, prompted Jeremy Logie, chief executive of the British Hospitality Association, which represents 20,000 hotels and restaurants, to say: "As far as hotel architecture is concerned, I think Prince Charles is being commercially unrealistic. Hotels are primarily commercial concerns and have to be built in a certain way. It's up to planning authorities to say whether a hotel is unsightly."

The Green Hotelier is published by the Prince of Wales Business Leader's Forum as part of its International Hotels Environment Initiative.

depressing examples of insensitive hotel buildings constructed for purposes of short-term economy, international brand marketing, and maximising of capacity, based on designs originated unthinkingly in the confines of an international head office."

But some suggest the Prince's comments are better directed at the high-rise buildings of the 1970s than

more recent developments.

Jonathan Boddender, chairman of hotel consultant company Horwath, said hotels were not the worst architectural offenders in central London. "One of the worst examples of appalling architecture is government buildings in Marsham Street which has been home to — of all people — the Department of the Environment."

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Britain
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Iraq sought to fend off the threat of American air attacks last night, saying it would abide by rules of expanded no-fly zones.
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Having begun the making typewriters, Olivetti risks ending it as a victim of its successor — the personal computer.
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Warning by EU on cattle imports

Stephen Bates in Brussels

THE British Government was warned yesterday it could face legal action from the European Commission to force the UK to accept cattle imports from other member states.

The ban on imports of cattle aged over 30 months was introduced earlier this year in response to the EU's worldwide embargo on all British cattle and beef exports, but the Commission has said it will draw up plans to initiate infringement proceedings if the Government does not change its policy.

EC "infringement" proceedings ultimately could drag Britain before the European Court of Justice in Luxembourg where it already has its own case contesting the EU's right to impose an import ban on British beef.

The latest twist in the BSE row between Britain and the Commission could scarcely have come at a worse time. Douglas Hogg, the Agriculture Minister, is due to meet Franz Fischler, the EU agriculture commissioner, on Monday prior to a ministerial council meeting in Brussels at which he hopes to persuade other member states to accept the reduction in the cattle cull agreed by the Cabinet on Thursday.

In Brussels a British official said yesterday: "It is going to be very difficult. I would be surprised if any of them agreed to a cut in the cull."

At the commission, Gerry Kieley, the agriculture spokesman, said a number of countries were being targeted

as a result of bans arising out of the BSE crisis, but the British case was the most blatant breach of the rules of the single market.

France and Spain are likely to face proceedings after banning all imports of meat and bone-meat. So is the German state of North Rhine Westphalia for banning British milk imports.

Britain falls foul of the single market regulations because, although its exports are banned, it cannot unilaterally stop imports from other member states.

Mr Kieley said: "We have a single market in which agreement has to be reached before such things can be done. There is no agreement on this trade ban. It is a clear breach of the rules. You must be prepared to accept a package of infringement measures soon."

In Brussels, the Cabinet's decision to reduce the size of the cattle cull is seen as a tacit acceptance that the export ban is unlikely to be lifted before the general election and that the Government believes there is no advantage to be gained in proceeding with the cull agreed by John Major at the Florence EU summit in June.

Ministers did not press the culling order through Parliament before the summer recess and are thought unlikely to be able to do so in the face of Euro-sceptic Tory backbench opposition.

The cull of cattle aged over 30 months has now reached 450,000, but the slaughter of up to 147,000 other cattle nominated as being at risk of BSE has yet to begin, with no chance of being completed by the November deadline agreed at Florence.

His 'Tigers' preyed on two peoples during the Balkan war, but Arkan claims he preaches ethnic tolerance

Ian Traynor
Central Europe Editor

ABELGRADE paramilitary leader and politician whose units were blamed for some of the worst ethnic cleansing of the Bosnian and Croatian wars, claims he is an advocate of "ethnic tolerance and respect for other religions and ethnic groups".

In a letter in today's Guardian, Zelko Raznjatovic, aka Arkan, denies that he is a war criminal. In December 1991, the former United States secretary of state, Lawrence Eagleburger, described him as a suspected war criminal.

"I have been investigated by the prosecutor's office of the international war crimes tribunal in The Hague... I have not been indicted for any war crime nor, as I understand it, is it the present intention of the prosecutor that I should be so indicted," Arkan states.

He objects to two articles in the Guardian reporting that western and British funds for Bosnian parties competing in today's elections include donations to his Belgrade-based Serbian Unity Party, and that he is a war criminal.

"My party is an entirely worthy of funding," he says. Arkan set up his notorious Tigers militia shortly after war broke out in Croatia in August 1991, after long years as a linchpin of the Belgrade underworld and close links with the old Yugoslav security apparatus.

His well-equipped paramilitaries, based in Erdut, northern Serbia, played a prominent role in besieging and looting the Croatian town of Vukovar in the autumn of 1991. A witness to the looting



A bodyguard ducks as Zelko Raznjatovic, aka Arkan, fires his Magnum revolver out of the sunroof of his car on his wedding day in Serbia last year.

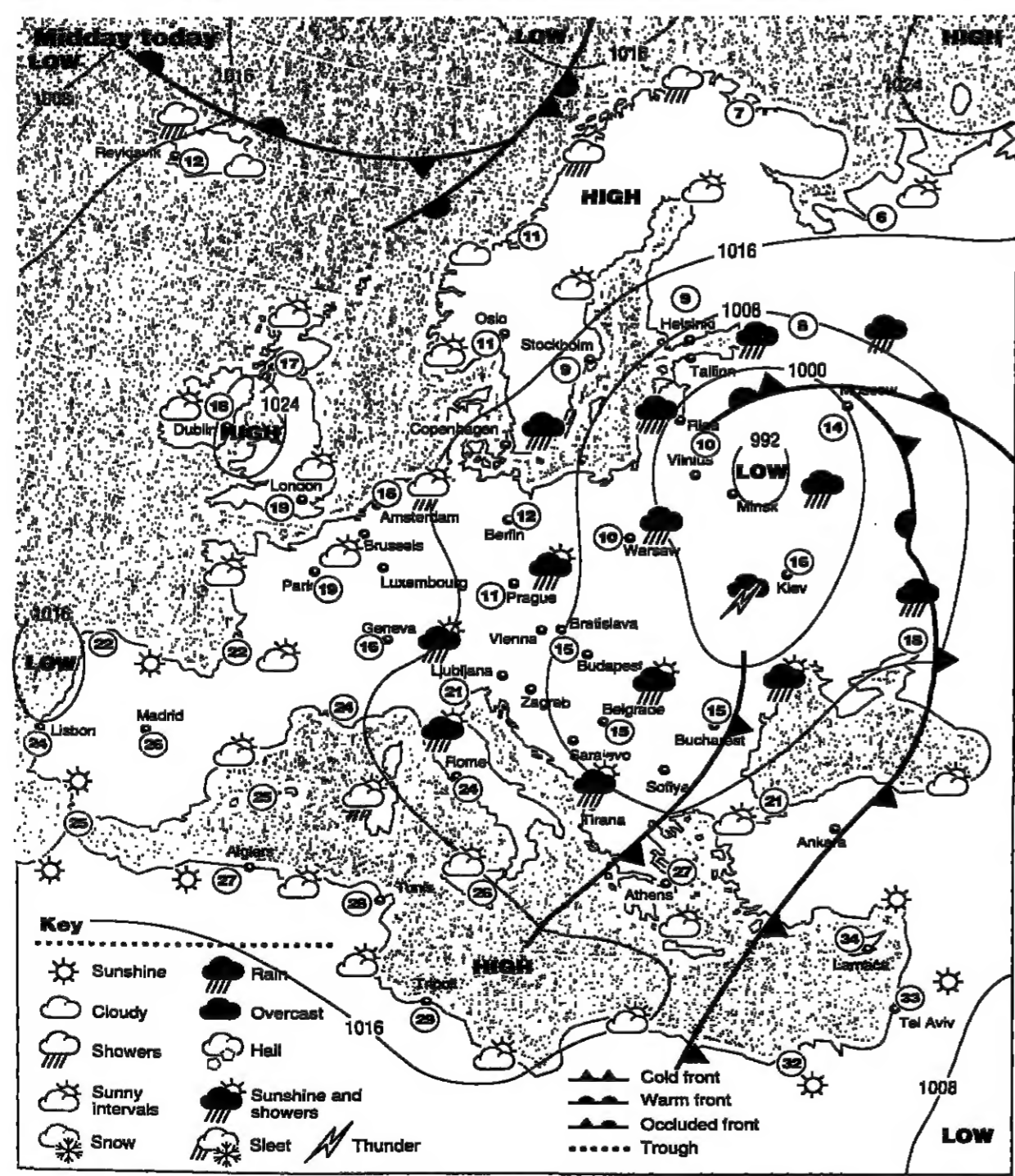
reported how Arkan's men stripped factories, warehouses and shops and trucked the spoils back to Serbia.

Human rights watchers point out that The Hague tribunal has not yet indicted any of Mr Milosevic's associates in Serbia for war crimes.

An official at the Humanitarian Law Foundation in Belgrade, which investigates alleged war crimes and supplies information to The Hague, says the case is "too sensitive" to discuss.

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The weather in Europe



Forecast for the cities

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	27 18 F	28 18 S
Amsterdam	16 10 S	17 10 S
Athens	28 17 S	29 17 S
Berlin	15 8 F	16 8 F
Bombay	28 18 S	29 18 S
Brussels	17 10 S	18 10 S
Copenhagen	12 6 F	13 6 F
Cairo	26 18 S	27 18 S
Geneva	15 7 S	16 7 S
Lisbon	18 11 S	19 11 S
London	15 7 S	16 7 S
Madrid	20 14 S	21 14 S
Milan	15 7 S	16 7 S
Nairobi	24 14 S	25 14 S
Oslo	11 4 F	12 4 F
Paris	14 5 F	15 5 F
Rome	24 16 S	25 16 S
Stockholm	9 1 R	10 1 R
Tunis	28 17 S	29 17 S
Yamoussoukro	15 8 S	16 8 S

Around the world

City	Today	Tomorrow
Algeria	27 18 F	28 18 S
Amsterdam	16 10 S	17 10 S
Athens	28 17 S	29 17 S
Berlin	15 8 F	16 8 F
Bombay	28 18 S	29 18 S
Brussels	17 10 S	18 10 S
Copenhagen	12 6 F	13 6 F
Cairo	26 18 S	27 18 S
Geneva	15 7 S	16 7 S
Lisbon	18 11 S	19 11 S
London	15 7 S	16 7 S
Madrid	20 14 S	21 14 S
Milan	15 7 S	16 7 S
Nairobi	24 14 S	25 14 S
Oslo	11 4 F	12 4 F
Paris	14 5 F	15 5 F
Rome	24 16 S	25 16 S
Stockholm	9 1 R	10 1 R
Tunis	28 17 S	29 17 S
Yamoussoukro	15 8 S	16 8 S

European weather outlook

Low pressure over the Baltic will maintain wet and windy weather over southern Finland and southern Sweden. All other areas should be mostly dry and cool with sunny spells, but light rain will spread into northern Norway. Max temps ranging from 7C in the far north to 15C in south-west Norway.

Low Countries, Germany, Austria, Switzerland

A cool northerly flow covers the area, and today will be rather cold and showery, with only brief bright intervals. The showers will be heaviest in western Germany, Austria and Switzerland. Max temps ranging from 10C in the north to 15C in the south.

France

Today should be mostly dry with a mix of clouds and sunshine - just a few showers in the east and north-east. Max temps ranging from 16C in the far north to 24C along the Mediterranean coast.

Spain

Pressure is almost uniform over the Iberian peninsula, and today will be a mostly fine day with plenty of blue sky and prolonged sunshine. Max temps ranging from 22C on the north coast to 27C in the southern interior.

Italy

A cool northerly flow covers the country, and today will be unsettled with scattered heavy showers and local thunderstorms. Sunny spells will be rather limited. Max temps ranging from 17C in the far north to 27C in the extreme south.

Greece

A cold front will bring scattered heavy showers and a sharp drop in temperature today, although the Aegean islands and south-east of mainland will be mostly fine and very warm. Max temps ranging from 19C in the north-west to 28C on Crete and Rhodes.

Television and radio - Saturday

BBC 1

8.25am News; Weather; 8.50 Oscar's Orchestra; 9.30 Robinson Crusoe; 9.55 The Reckless; 10.40 Marvel Action Hour; 11.00 Top of the Pops; 11.15 The Flintstones; 11.45 Christmas Explains It All; 12.15 Grand Prix; 12.30 Street Valley; 1.15 The News; 1.30 The O'Zones; 1.52 The News; 1.55 Grandstand; 2.30 Later From America; 2.55 News Today; 3.00 News; 3.55 The News; 4.00 News; 4.30 News; 4.55 News; 5.00 News; 5.15 News; 5.30 News; 5.45 News; 5.55 News; 6.00 News; 6.15 News; 6.30 News; 6.45 News; 6.55 News; 7.00 News; 7.15 News; 7.30 News; 7.45 News; 7.55 News; 8.00 News; 8.15 News; 8.30 News; 8.45 News; 8.55 News; 9.00 News; 9.15 News; 9.30 News; 9.45 News; 9.55 News; 10.00 News; 10.15 News; 10.30 News; 10.45 News; 10.55 News; 11.00 News; 11.15 News; 11.30 News; 11.45 News; 11.55 News; 12.00 News; 12.15 News; 12.30 News; 12.45 News; 12.55 News; 1.00 News; 1.15 News; 1.30 News; 1.45 News; 1.55 News; 2.00 News; 2.15 News; 2.30 News; 2.45 News; 2.55 News; 3.00 News; 3.15 News; 3.30 News; 3.45 News; 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News in brief

'Altitude fear' pilot wants to fly again

A CO-PILOT whose aircraft was forced to divert after he told his commander he was "frightened of the altitude" wants to fly again. He is backed by the British Airline Pilots' Association and is angry at the way events on last May's Maersk Air flight from Birmingham to Milan were portrayed.

Prosecution ruled out

POLICE officers will not be prosecuted over an incident in which an Asian student lost an eye in custody, it emerged yesterday. Amer Rafiq, aged 21, from Rusholme, Greater Manchester, had to have his right eye removed by surgeons after his arrest in February outside the restaurant where he worked.

Cocaine found on board liner

CUSTOMS officers were last night investigating the source of 4kg of cocaine seized on a luxury liner after it arrived in Southampton for a \$4 million refit. The drug, with a street value of \$200,000, was discovered hidden in a storeroom cupboard on the SS Norway, the world's longest liner at 1,035 ft.

Wife pleads for husband

A MAN who scarred his estranged wife for life when he threw a saucepan of boiling potatoes over her during a row was jailed for six months yesterday after his wife appealed to the judge. Judge Paul Downes cut the sentence for warehouse supervisor Keith Lake, aged 46, from two-and-a-half years after receiving the letter from Christine Lake. Mrs Lake had written that the couple's two sons, Matthew, aged 11, and Alex, aged 10, would "suffer greatly if he was away from them for a long time".

Home for murder charge boy

THE Home Secretary, Michael Howard, is being urged to move a 16-year-old boy facing a murder charge from prison to a £2,000-a-week secure children's home. The boy, who cannot be named, has been appearing before Cheltenham magistrates weekly for four weeks and each time has been remanded in custody.

Jail for millionaire's servant

A TRUSTED servant who stole his employer's family silver to fund his gambling was jailed for two years yesterday. Rex Belarmino, aged 33, who was given the run of the luxurious home in Eaton Place, central London, repeatedly plundered millionaire Count Pietro Antonelli's safe. The live-in housekeeper took seven silver platters, nine trays and 21 plates belonging to the Italian banker and worth nearly £23,000, and pawned them for £5,000, which he spent at a local casino, Southwark crown court heard. But he confessed in tears to his boss.

Baby run over by taxi

A YEAR-OLD baby girl who crawled into the path of a taxi was critically ill yesterday. Christy Field was taken to John Radcliffe Hospital, Oxford, after the accident outside her home in Berinsfield, Oxon. The child could be given only basic first aid on the scene. The driver, David Max, was under sedation last night.



Andrew Eaton, aged seven, with parents Karl and Heather, who have won legal aid to go to court over his suspension

'Needy young people are experiencing officially sanctioned neglect. These children are being denied full-time education. Were this situation created by the children's own parents, it would result in a criminal prosecution' - Government adviser

David Ward on the fraught issue of disruptive children

Unruly pupils out in cold

YESTERDAY Matthew Wilson, excluded from Manton primary school in Wokingham, Northamptonshire, for a series of allegedly disruptive offences, concluded his first week of lonely and expensive one-to-one lessons. The parents of his fellow-pupils, angry at this solution to a crisis which erupted in full media glare, withdrew their children in protest, sent them back a couple of days later, and withdrew them again yesterday.

How the exclusion system works

- The 1986 Education Act says that a head who excludes a pupil must tell the child's parents, the governors and the education authority of his order.
Parents have 15 school days from notification to lodge an appeal in writing with the governors. If the governors find for the head, parents can then ask the local education authority to reconsider the school's decision.
The LEA can either order reinstatement or uphold the exclusion. If the decision goes against the parents, they can appeal to an independent appeals committee.

Trent, excluded seven of her 750 pupils last year and is frustrated by the paradox that serious intervention can begin only after a child has been thrown out of school. "The system does not fit the situation or take account of children's needs," she said after telling the conference about how she cut truancy.

Meanwhile Manton's teachers, or at least those who belong to the National Association of Schoolmasters/Union of Women Teachers, stood by their threat to strike rather than teach Matthew, and the union's leader, Nigel de Gruchy, defended them from charges of bully-boy tactics. "The bullies are the young things out there threatening teachers and terrorising their fellow pupils," he retorted. "We are trying to protect ourselves and other children."

own parents. It would result in a criminal prosecution." He said the law governing exclusions, which the Government wants to modify, was flawed.

suspended from his infants' school in Trafford, Greater Manchester, nine months ago for kicking and punching other pupils. He is now receiving three hours of home tuition a week. Mr Eaton has won legal aid to go to court to claim that Andrew's educational needs have not been considered.

Teachers say Andrew suffers from attention deficit disorder. "If schools expelled children suffering from any other disability, it would be completely unacceptable," said Mr Eaton. "Yet youngsters with medically recognised behavioural problems are kicked out of schools."

As he defended himself, a speaker was offering a contrary opinion at a conference in a Manchester hotel. Instead of attacking the bullying kids, Carl Parsons, of Canterbury Christ Church College, denounced exclusion as officially licensed truancy. The subject prompts passionate opinions from teachers, parents, governors, union leaders and politicians. Mr Parsons' views command attention, if only because he led the research team which last year reported to the Government on policies and procedures on exclusion.

"Much of it deals with the justice of the exclusion event and is about moving a child out of school. It is not about finding the most appropriate educational placement or care for that child."

This speech was music to the ears of Karl Eaton whose son Andrew, aged seven, was

comprehensively in Stoke-on-

Case 1

RICHARD WILSON claims he was expelled from his high school in Manchester for throwing a sweet he aimed at a friend, who ducked. The sweet hit a teacher in the eye. "It was nowt really," said Richard. "I didn't do it purposely. The teacher said: 'You're staying at home and not coming back.'"

spent his crucial GCSE years at home, watching television and increasingly depressed.

His mother, Carmel, admits he was no angel. "But it was nothing out of the ordinary. He was just like any other kid," she said.

Mrs Wilson's appeal was turned down by an independent panel. She was told by Manchester city council that she should look for a place at another school. "I was given a list of schools with places, and tried four of them. As soon as they found out Rich-

ard had been expelled, they said they had no places."

Richard was referred to a unit for children with emotional or behavioural problems. After two months Mrs Wilson, dissatisfied with the curriculum and the short working day, withdrew him. He has had no home tuition.

"There is talk of a place at a further education college. Richard has been deprived of the most important years of his life," Mrs Wilson.

Case 2

RICHARD WILDING was permanently excluded from Glaisdale school in Nottingham in January after a series of short enforced absences for alleged violence and disruptive behaviour.

Richard's parents, Rita and Philip, appealed and won - but members of NASUWT threatened to strike if he returned to school. The planned action was called off

the day before it was due to begin when Mrs and Mrs Wilding agreed to withdraw him from the school. Mr Wilding died soon afterwards. Richard is now taught at home, at a cost of about £300 a week, and at a special unit.

Teachers had compiled a dossier of more than 30 incidents they claim took place between September 1995 and last January. They claimed Richard, aged 13, had kicked a boy in an unprovoked attack, punched another in front of teachers, threatened a

teacher with a chair, waved a glass at a pupil and verbally threatened a teacher. He was excluded for two days last November, and a month later walked out of a classroom "looking for another boy", according to the school. He was excluded again for allegedly hitting a boy in front of a teacher, and finally expelled last January.

Mrs Wilding said her son was a scapegoat. "There are children far worse than Richard at Glaisdale."

British Association science festival in Birmingham

Sindy 'sends thin message'

Chris Mihill and Jane Alfred on how winsome 1960s toys, transformed into svelte 1990s action women, may be luring impressionable girls into eating disorders

SINDY - the doll whose lustrous tresses and designer outfits have infuriated feminists for years is in the frame for another crime: encouraging anorexia. A lecturer specialising in eating disorders of the young has elevated the glamour doll to the spot usually reserved for Kate Moss and other "super waif" models. "Fat is the modern three-letter F word," said Andrew Hill, from Leeds University. "It's something we are disgusted at."

"It would appear that many eight year olds are already aware of dieting as a means of weight control."

Dr Hill found a clear link among eight-year-old girls between low self-esteem and dieting, although this was not true of boys. "Girls appear drawn to weight control as a means of improving their self worth, a strategy that reflects the high salience of appearance and weight for women generally."

"The boy's agenda for body shape is for being bigger, stronger, more muscles. They're licensed to eat and be active," he added. "Girls are not."

Children gained their information about body shape from the family, their peers and the media, but at this age the family was probably most influential.

"Families, or rather mums, have been shown to be influential. Awareness of mum's dieting behaviour was one of three significant predictors of their own dieting awareness, the others being body weight and self-worth."

Dr Hill added: "The increase in exposure to visual imagery, much of it depicting stereotypical body shapes is bound to have changed children's understand-

standing and expectations of being an adult member of society."

Children's toys also reflected their changing experience of the world.

"A relevant example are the toys Sindy and Barbie. Originally manufactured in the early 1960s as a toy for young teenage girls, 30-something Sindy has lost her brunette bob and plain clothes. She is now blonde, pointedly thin, dressed immaculately and with a lifestyle to match, and bought for the six to eight-year-olds."

"Not only does the 90s Sindy depict the ideal appearance and lifestyle for 90s women, she does so for girls only halfway to puberty," he said.

Dr Hill added that the Government's anti-obesity drive could backfire if it increased yet further the pressures on young people to diet. Children were already aware that being fat would make them unpopular with their peers.

"Nine year olds are aware why they should not be fat. Unfortunately, any pre-adolescent girl about to hit puberty gain weight and double her body fat has to reconcile this stigma with her inevitable physical changes. This may be expressed as a strongly held fear of becoming fat, leading to body shape dissatisfaction and dieting attempts."

"This fear of fatness may be the vehicle for expressing profound emotional distress within an eating disorder," he stated.

Psychologists believe that clinicians are reluctant to deal with obesity and want a magical pill to take the problem away.

"It is difficult to treat and its unsexy. Who wants to work with fat people?" asked Dr Hill.

"There's no fat pill and the magic bullet is not going to happen," he added. "Even if you find one miracle pill cure it will only cure one portion of the population. People gain weight for all sorts of different reasons."

Sarah Howard, public relations manager for Hasbro, which manufactures Sindy, said: "Why pick on Sindy? Small girls spent only a small part of their time playing with Sindy, and it was an important and fun part of their play. They also played with bricks, watched television and read, she said."

"An 11 1/2 inch piece of plastic is not responsible for the ills of today's society, to which we are all exposed. Little boys and little girls are exposed to all sorts of electronic media."

"As a responsible toy and game manufacturer we have to make our products move with the times. We have done a lot of research with parents and they know what they want from fashion dolls."

"Sindy is Britain's favourite fashion doll. She has had three decades of mums and children playing with her," she said.

Children suffering from a rare disease develop insatiable



Sindy... accused of spreading eating disorders

appetites when stressed, psychologists revealed at the Birmingham meeting yesterday.

The condition, called hyperphagic short stature, causes its young sufferers to steal and gorge food when they are unhappy. If food is unavailable they resort to eating wood, plastic and even their own vomit. The disease is caused by a stress-triggered reduction in growth-promoting chemicals produced by the brain.

It can be cured by removing the child from stress.

Seccessio goes aga the flow John Hooper

Why Do Men Leer? William Leith reveals all in the Tiddler, free tomorrow with The Observer

مكتبة النخيل

Secession goes against the flow

John Hooper finds little support in Cremona for Bossi's dreams of Padania

UNLIKE the Thames, the Seine, or the Tiber, the Po is truly a mighty river. Even in Cremona, in northern Italy, more than 150 miles upstream from the Adriatic, it can swell majestically to a breadth of a quarter of a mile or more. Its greeny-brown waters run fast through the flat landscape.

This weekend the unwitting Po will be at the centre of a bizarre escapade whose stated purpose is to slash Italy in two. Last night Umberto Bossi, leader of the Northern League, was expected to scoop a phial of water from the spring that gives birth to the river, almost 7,000 feet up near the border with France.

During the next two days, he plans to carry the phial to rallies along the Po as a prelude to declaring the independence of Padania, the region through which it flows.

Northern League officials say they expect 1.5 million people to gather by the river to support the movement's aims.

Mr Bossi appears to have incorporated the Po into his movement's mythology to provide the diverse Italian north with a symbol of unity. Yet the people who live along the river are among the northerners least impressed by his activities.

Nowhere could be more Padanian than Cremona. The market town sits as close to the banks of the Po as prudence allows. So the fact that only one in five inhabitants voted for the League at the last general election says a lot about the substance behind this giant publicity stunt.

In Cremona's 13th century town hall, its mayor, Paolo Bodini, said: "For the most part, people here are viewing events with a mixture of concern and detachment."

Tomorrow the city will be the venue for one of the weekend's biggest festivals. But most of the participants are being bussed in from the League's heartland in the area between Milan and the lakes.

"The League itself is not Padanian," said Gian Carlo Corada, who heads Cremona's provincial administration. "It was born in the foothills of the Alps. And the same is true of Bossi himself."

The areas in which the Northern League is strongest tend to have two things in common. They are former redoubts of Christian Democracy and have local economies with many small businesses and a concentration on light industry.

Cremona, like much of the Padania, is agricultural and leftist. Its biggest factories make nongat and salami. Its city administration is a coalition between Catholics and ex-communists not unlike the one running Italy.

But that does not stop its mayor from acknowledging that "Bossi is raising a real issue".

He himself yearns for a more devolved system of government: "You can't get anything done without permission from the regional or central government."

Mr Corada is a member of the former communist Democratic Party of the Left. His main concern about the weekend's events is not that they could prompt a breakdown of law and order, but that they could set back the cause of moderate federalism.

"Bossi has burnt his bridges behind him. By putting forward such radical demands, I fear he could reinforce nationalism and centralism," he said.

There is already evidence to support that view. A poll for La Repubblica newspaper found that, in Milan, opposition to any sort of change in the way the state is run has leapt from 12 to 28 per cent since July.

Caution was also in evidence by the Po outside Cremona yesterday, where workmen were laying up marnees and laying out trees in preparation for Mr Bossi's arrival.

"He shouts and screams like Mussolini," said a pensioner. "Italy's all right the way it is."

Bosnian Elections

Julian Berger in Foca

FOR the people of Foca, a melancholy settlement in the rain-soaked valley of the River Drina, today's elections have become a struggle between two irreconcilable visions of Bosnia's past and future.

For Muslim refugees the town seems a bygone Eden — a place where they lived peacefully with Serbs.

But the town is now in Serb-held territory, and for most of the 27,000 Serbs who now make up the population, the past is very definitely another country. They have renamed the town Srebijne (the equivalent of "Serbville").

There were 20,000 Muslims living in Foca before the war. Now, there is one. She is married to a Serb, and both keep a low profile.

Another Serb man spent four months in jail in 1992, and months more on the worst part of the front line, because his wife was a Muslim and he tried to organise a multi-ethnic peace council.

Hundreds of Foca Muslims were slaughtered in 1992, many after being tortured. Most of the survivors were dumped in Montenegro.

"I have never been anywhere so filled with hate," said an international observer posted to Foca/Srebijne for the elections.

The town's 18 mosques have been dynamited. The gardens around a wrecked mosque in the old town have become a rubbish-strewn common, which Milan Jotic uses to garden.

The war has destroyed his life and reduced him to near-beggary, but the way he tells it, the conflict was the Serbs' salvation.

"In all the wars we had, Muslims were always the first to kill. They would have killed us this time. They were storing weapons at night in the mosque. If it wasn't for Radovan Karadzic (the Bosnian Serb wartime leader) there would be nothing here at all. Not a single Serb."

Nato air strikes last September took out the three



A Serb resident passes a destroyed mosque in the old Muslim part of Foca, 'ethnically cleansed' of Muslims in the war

PHOTOGRAPH: STEVE FORREST

main bridges across the Drina from Foca, increasing the sense of isolation of the local Serbs, deepening their paranoia, and reinforcing their sense of destiny.

"We can never live on each other's territory again. At best it would last for a while, and then it would be a new bloodbath," Mr Jotic said.

Today, he will vote for the Serb Democratic Party (SDS) to keep his Srebijne pure.

Foca's exiled Muslims will vote in their refugee homes by absentee ballot, or be bussed in to a separate polling station five miles from the town in a village called Miljevinja.

The Djozo family, who share a cramped flat in Sarajevo, will vote by absentee ballot, although their home is in Miljevinja itself.

Safe Djozo, aged 55, was attacked by Serb thugs who rampaged through Miljevinja in April 1992. He was forced to watch his house burn. He fled to the woods and after three months living rough walked with his wife and daughter across the mountains to Sarajevo.

But Mr Djozo is convinced that evil came to Foca from outside, in the shape of looters and killers from Serbia and Montenegro, who freed

the criminals from jails and led the local Serbs astray.

"Nothing will change as long as the nationalist parties are in power. A lot of good could be done fast, if decent people took office, and all the hot-heads cooled down," he said. "In the end we will be able to go back."

Having seen Foca, and sensed the resentful atmosphere on its streets, it is hard to be encouraging.

Mr Djozo says his friends had planned to take the bus to vote in Miljevinja but decided against it, partly because the ballot for municipal authorities has been postponed, and

because they have discovered the buses will not go to Foca itself.

If they do not go, their votes will be lost. It is a pattern that is likely to be repeated around the country today, to the benefit of the ethnic cleansers.

Foca is likely to become Srebijne once and for all.

Bosnia's ultra-nationalist Serb leader, Biljana Plavsic, reading from a statement she said was given to her by the Organisation for Security and Co-operation in Europe, formally apologised on television yesterday for campaigning for union with Serbia.



Canberra resists rights clause

John Palmer in Brussels

THE UNEXPECTED refusal of the new conservative government in Canberra to commit itself to observing international human rights has thrown into confusion plans for a trade and co-operation agreement between the European Union and Australia.

Since 1992 a human rights clause has been a standard part of all EU international agreements, and has been included in pacts signed with Russia, China and countries in eastern Europe.

Under changes being negotiated in the Maastricht treaty, EU countries themselves could face expulsion from the union for serious human rights abuses. The issue is at the heart of tensions in EU relations with some of Australia's closest

Asian trading partners, notably Burma, Indonesia and other members of the Association of South-East Asian Nations.

Australia's opposition to the human rights clause comes after changes in its policies on international labour standards and the global environment, which have led to

the recent Australian security pact signed with Indonesia, long the focus of protest for its treatment of occupied East Timor, and the government's change of policy towards Aboriginal rights.

The European Commission has been taken by surprise by the insistence of the Australian prime minister, John Howard, that the clause be removed from the proposed agreement with the EU. The issue is certain to be raised with the foreign minister, Alexander Downer, during his tour of EU capitals next week.

"No one is criticising Australia's human rights record, of which it can be justly proud. But there is no question of this clause being dropped," a Commission spokesman said.

"It is in the interest of both Australia and the European Union to work together to ensure greater respect internationally for human rights."

In Brussels, diplomats said the pact had been close to final agreement but Canberra's stance on human rights had thrown it into confusion.

"I have discussed this agreement for the last 18 months with Australian officials up to the level of the foreign minister, Gareth Evans, in the previous Labour government, and met no problems at all particularly over human rights," Hugh Kerr, Labour leader of the European Parliament delegation to Australia, said yesterday.

"It will not do any good at all to Australia's international image to be seen to be quibbling over human rights."

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World news in brief

Safe deposit foils burglar

SOLOMON Garcia, aged 22, must have been one of the most hapless burglars in crime's annals, writes Ian Katz in New York.

His body was found pinned under a 600lb safe in the offices of a Long Island property and insurance company. Police said it appeared Garcia was killed when the safe fell on him as he tried to manoeuvre it down the stairs.

Suffolk County homicide detective John Gierasch said Garcia broke into the offices in the early hours of Thursday morning and managed to drag the safe to the top of the stairs.

However, his fatal error was to stand in front of it as he tried to edge it down the stairs. "He lost control, fell backward 14 steps, and it came crashing down on top of him," he said.

To add insult to Garcia's fatal injury, police said the safe contained no money.

"I don't think you have to be very educated to know there's no cash in a real estate safe," said Quentin Samis, the owner of the company.

Fears grow of south Lebanon offensive

ISRAELI helicopters rocketed suspected Hizbullah targets in the first time in more than a month after a clash with the pro-Iranian group in south Lebanon yesterday, heightening fears of a broad military offensive.

The Hizbullah chief, Sheikh Hassan Nasrallah, responded by threatening suicide bomb attacks against Israeli forces. "I promise... that any new aggression against Lebanon

will drag the occupying Israeli army back into a quagmire where bombs are not made of iron but of human bodies," he said.

Lebanese security forces said the helicopters fired two rockets into Jabal al-Rafi in Iqlim al-Toufan ridge, a Hizbullah stronghold north of Israel's south Lebanon occupation zone. There was no word on casualties.

Hours earlier, Israeli soldiers ambushed Hizbullah

fighters ambushed Hizbullah fighters in the zone, killing one guerrilla, Israeli security sources said.

Hizbullah said its guerrillas ambushed an Israeli patrol, wounding several soldiers.

On Thursday, a senior Lebanese foreign ministry official rejected as "blackmail" a warning by Israel's proxy South Lebanon Army of Israeli retaliation if Hizbullah stepped up attacks. — Reuter.

Belgian denies murder link

Guy Mathot, a former Belgian government minister, denied yesterday any part in the murder of fellow socialist and ex-minister André Cools in 1991.

Mr Mathot, who resigned over a bribes scandal, denounced the allegation, made by an anonymous witness to police in Liège. — Reuter.

Serengeti attacks

Gunmen shot dead a hotel cashier in Arusha, northern Tanzania, three days after heavily armed bandits ambushed 25 Italian and American tourists in nearby Serengeti National Park. The killing confirms a mounting security problem in and around the park. — Reuter.

Pupils crushed

Children rushing to attend a school flag-raising ceremony in Yunnan stampeded over each other, crushing 24 to death and injuring 74, China's state media reported yesterday. — AP.

Cocaine deal

The government has offered cash to peasants in Colombia's Cauca state who destroy their crops of coca, an ingredient of cocaine, and agreed to improve roads, health care and education, in an effort to end protests by

the growers. Meanwhile, Carlos Lemos Simmonds, the ambassador to Britain, has been nominated to replace the sacked vice-president, Humberto de la Calle. — AP.

Israeli road ban

The Israeli army has banned Palestinians from using a new road between Jerusalem and a West Bank settlement near Hebron, saying it is for Israelis only, writes Jessica Berry in Jerusalem.

Questionable taste

Animal saliva, urine and embalming fluids are among the ingredients Bangkok health inspectors found in food sold on the city's streets, an official said yesterday. — AP.

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IRAQ CRISIS: Barzani savours the north's new lease of life • Immediate attack unlikely, says cautious Pentagon

Kurds make light of victory's price

Who can believe 'tactical' alliance with Baghdad has no strings? asks **David Hirst** in Salahuddin

THROUGHOUT their national struggle the Kurds have been plagued by their Jash, or "little donkeys", the renegades who fight for the central governments that oppress them.

But a university professor, wondering whether to go into exile or return to Irbil, asks: "Is it possible that the miracle has occurred, that for once in our history, we have used our oppressor as our Jash, and sent him home after finishing with his services?"

All 3 million inhabitants of Iraq's Kurdistan must be asking such questions after the region's most radical upheaval since it came into being under Western protection in the aftermath of Desert Storm.

By sending his troops into Irbil and then withdrawing them, has Saddam Hussein

inadvertently given a new lease of life to the first experiment in self-rule that the Kurds have ever enjoyed — or has he precipitated its collapse? Will he stay out of Kurdistan, perhaps even fall under the United States Cruise missile raids he has provoked — or is he on his way back to full control?

Massoud Barzani's Kurdistan Democratic Party (KDP) responds to such questions with an outward confidence. Since Mr Barzani's father, the legendary Mullah Mustafa, founded the party 50 years ago, it has dominated the Kurdish national struggle. It has now inflicted shattering, probably final, defeat on its great rival since the 1990s, Jalal Talabani's Patriotic Union of Kurdistan (PUK).

This time, with Talabani as its backer, the PUK posed such a threat that the KDP

feared for its existence. So Mr Barzani called in President Saddam. "He has finally graduated in a very hard school of politics, and he applied its first rule — get your enemy before he gets you," a sympathiser said.

The Iraqi army's assault on the PUK-held "capital" of "Tees" Kurdistan was the decisive factor in its defeat. But even the KDP is incredulous at the ease and speed with which, after the Iraqi withdrawal, its own fighters drove the PUK from its stronghold in the Sulaymaniyah region.

It is the first time a single leadership has ruled over so many Kurds. Mr Barzani is a respected leader in whom his people are predisposed to reinvest the hopes that two years of civil war have all but extinguished.

"The upshot of all this is to everyone's advantage — both

ourselves and the West," says Abdul Rahman, an aide to Mr Barzani. "We have been devoting our energies and resources to destroying each other. Now we are free to rebuild."

Mr Barzani has promised to resume those tasks that frustrated his erstwhile ally, building democratic institutions, a single professional army and an administration.

But what was the real price the KDP paid for this less than glorious victory? None at all, KDP leaders insist. It was not a political deal, but a limited tactical one.

Besides, they say, President Saddam has benefited greatly. He has split the international community and embarrassed pro-Western Arab regimes. He has, on the face of it, undermined the status assigned to the Kurdish "safe haven" by the US strategy of containment. And he now has what the Western media call an Iraqi-backed Kurdish ally.

Karin Stojart, head of KDP security, said: "None of this

was really at our expense. After all, didn't we drive out the Mukhabarat?" — the feared Iraqi secret police who infiltrated Irbil in the wake of the army.

It appears that they did. United Nations personnel confirm that the Mukhabarat have no visible presence in the Kurdish enclave. Their retreat is a real plus for the KDP, and a relief to the population.

Yet most people are far from reassured. They doubt that President Saddam would have served as the KDP's Jash for no return. Their scepticism stems in part from a loss of confidence in political leaders as a result of civil war and corruption.

A Kurdish aid worker said: "I trust Massoud more than anyone else, but when I saw those Mukhabarat in Range Rovers and pick-ups roaming around Irbil, I said to myself that the future is black and unknown. Maybe Massoud felt he had no choice but it was for his party not for us."



Massoud Barzani: Looking on the bright side after graduating in hard politics

illusioned sense on any signs of it. The Iraqi army has not withdrawn to its original positions. A regiment is dug in just north of the 36th parallel. While that has no military significance, it has a profound symbolic and psychological one.

"We are here and we shall remain", that is what Saddam is saying," a UN security officer said.

Even positive developments are suspect. People would normally have rejoiced at Baghdad's announcement on Thursday that it was lifting the embargo on the north. But they saw it as a harbinger of President Saddam's creeping penetration.

Their fear is that the KDP will be forced to negotiate a deal with the Iraqi regime and that, without a rival party to discredit him, Mr Barzani will give more than he was prepared to do in 1992 — the last time he went to Baghdad. He will be in an even weaker position if the West withdraws the serial

protection of Operation Provide Comfort.

There is also fear that the US will use Mr Barzani's supposed alliance with the desert against whom it was protecting the Kurds as a pretext for abandoning them.

Consistent of past Western betrayals (such as the silence over President Saddam's use of chemical weapons) Mr Barzani says the US put the Kurds in an impossible position — "condemned to be both an enemy of Iraq and part of it at the same time". It failed to protect the "safe haven" against two regional tormentors — Turkey and Iran — thereby creating the conditions in which the KDP turned to Baghdad.

If the KDP rebuilds its relations with the US, Mr Barzani will be enabled to hold back from the fateful embrace with President Saddam which he clearly abhors. With a renewal of Western support, he might just prove to be a people that he really did use Saddam Hussein as his Jash.



Kurdish children play in a mudhole in Irbil, northern Iraq, as life returns to normal after the recent fighting. Officials in the city, which was taken by Massoud Barzani's KDP, are trying to restore electricity and water. PHOTOGRAPH: JOKER, FINX

US rejects concession from Iraq on no-fly zone

Marin Walker in Washington and Ian Black in London

IRAQ sought to fend off the threat of American air attacks last night, announcing in a statement from Turk Aziz, the deputy prime minister, that it would, from midnight Baghdad time, abide by the rules of the expanded no-fly zones and stop challenging allied warplanes entering it.

The immediate response from the United States to what had apparently begun as a Russian initiative with Baghdad was sceptical. "Actions speak louder than words," said Mike McCurry, the White House spokesman. The US is wary of cat-and-mouse tactics by President Saddam Hussein — and an apparent retreat just as the F-117A Stealth warplanes landed in Kuwait.

The US also firmly rejected an Iraqi plea for "dialogue with America", carried in an official newspaper yesterday. "We never rule out dialogue. But I don't know what we could reasonably talk about to Saddam Hussein," said Nicholas Burns, the state department spokesman.

Mr Clinton and his top advisers agreed on a new diplomatic offensive yesterday to pre-empt international condemnation for the air strikes being prepared by the gathering US armada in the Gulf.

The eight Stealth warplanes landed at Kuwait's al-Jaber airbase, Pentagon officials warned against expecting an immediate

attack, and US diplomats tried to repair the shredded Gulf war coalition.

China added its voice to international opposition and called for restraint, and France issued another statement distancing itself from Washington. France even praised Baghdad's dialogue with the Kurds as Strobe Talbott, the deputy secretary of state, arrived in Paris to sell Mr Clinton's aggressive policy.

A second US aircraft carrier task force, led by the USS

fears that the northern no-fly zone, which is patrolled from the Turkish base at Incirlik, cannot survive much longer.

Apart from Britain and Kuwait, no other member of the Gulf war coalition has expressed support for the US military action.

Saudi Arabia, a launch pad for the 1991 war, distanced itself from the Cruise attacks and said that if Washington had asked to use its bases for the operations it would have refused.

In Paris yesterday, Jacques Rummelhardt, the foreign ministry spokesman, urged Iraq not to shoot at allied aircraft, but praised talks with local leaders in Kurdish areas captured by guerrillas backed by Baghdad.

Describing the situation in Kurdistan as stable, he said: "The opening of a dialogue between Kurdish leaders and Baghdad is an important step on the road towards normalisation in the north."

Baghdad, meanwhile, kept up its war of words against the US. Mr Aziz said his country would not bow to US sabre-rattling.

"The Americans are not satisfied with equal international relations. They want everything. They are leaving us no choice but to resist," he said in an interview on Russian television.

The Washington Post adds: "Bowling to US pressure, the Turkish government agreed to allow about 2,500 Iraqi Kurds to pass through Turkey as part of an American plan to evacuate the former US employees and their families from northern Iraq."

'I don't know what we could reasonably talk about to Saddam'

Enterprise, and two reinforcement squadrons of F-16 fighter jets, were on the way to the Gulf yesterday, Pentagon sources spoke of "an intensive period of studying targets and preparing assets", rather than immediate attacks at the weekend.

As US officials made clear that substantial punitive strikes were planned, and Baghdad might not be spared this time, Britain sounded another lone note of support.

US sources said targets were being chosen to inflict maximum damage on key military installations and headquarters.

Closer to the confrontation zone, Turkey publicly distanced itself from any role in the air strikes, confirming

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Florida buzzing over alien cure

Ian Katz in New York

ALIEENS have already landed in almost every sphere of American culture. Now, it seems, they are poised to invade politics too.

The usually sedate political scene of Volusia County in south-east Florida became the focus of national attention this week when a county councillor said on television that aliens had cured her of cancer.

Lynne Plaskett, a 46-year-old mother of six, said she hoped her confession would not hurt her chances at the polls when she stands for re-election in November.

"Everyone who has called has said 'You know I really believe what happened. You have a lot of guts coming out,'" she said.

The county seat of Deland was rocked when she announced on television that her breast cancer had been cured after an 8-inch disc appeared in her room and hovered over her body.

She said she heard a buzzing sound and the room filled with fog. "I knew it

wasn't God and I knew it wasn't of this earth, or anything I'm familiar with."

Several days later, Ms Plaskett said, doctors found that a tumour on her lung had shrunk dramatically. Doctors were mystified by the speed of her recovery, she said.

Although Ms Plaskett's close encounter was greeted with derision by some of her council colleagues, it could prove to be an electoral asset.

Thousands of Americans are convinced that they have been abducted by aliens. In a recent Gallup poll, 47 per cent of respondents said they believed aliens had visited the earth.

Susan MacManus, a political scientist at Florida University, said: "Some people may vote for her as a result of what they perceive to be an honest and courageous announcement about what happened to her."

Ms Plaskett's rival, Jim Ward, said he would not make aliens an election issue: "I'd rather compete with her on the campaign issues than these extra-terrestrial things."

It is always rewarding to hear businessmen and Conservatives warn us that something will cause job-losses. For a moment they are forced to sound as though they care.

Jeremy Hardy

The Week, page 15

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July 1996

James Gulliver

Gulliver's travails



Gulliver... takeover victim

JIMMY Gulliver, who has died from a heart attack aged 66, started life as a grocer's son in the Mull of Kintyre and rose to head the Argyl Group, one of the nation's supergrocers, through outlets like Safeway and Presto. He was also a court favourite of Margaret Thatcher, but came to grief during the vicious takeover battle for the Distillers Company in the mid-1980s.

As that epic battle between Argyl and the Guinness group headed for its denouement, it emerged that Gulliver had falsely claimed in his *Who's Who* entry to hold a Master's degree in Business Administration from Harvard Business School. The revelation, in March 1985, was a turning point in the battle which largely won a few weeks later. Gulliver's position within the company went into decline and he resigned as chairman in 1988, by which time his long-time associate

Alistair Grant was firmly at the helm.

Grant, who continues to acknowledge his debt to Gulliver in learning the business of both groceries and takeovers, said at the time: "We felt let down. It was a serious difficulty, being unaware of that problem, after working with somebody for 20 years."

When they set out on the bid, the ruling trinity at Argyl — Gulliver, Grant and David Webster — had set down together to find out if there were any secrets the others should know, as they expected a dirty tricks campaign — though scarcely on the scale which ultimately materialised.

Gulliver graduated with a first-class degree in engineering from Glasgow, before serving in the Royal Navy. His first directorship was with a company called Concrete (Scotland), the turning point in his career came when he became managing director of the Fine Fare supermarket group in 1965. For his innova-

tive approach to the mass retailing of groceries, much of it based on lessons learned in America, he was Young Businessman of the Year in 1972.

He then teamed up with Grant and Webster to acquire Ortel Foods, which they then re-sold to the RCA Corporation of the United States at a healthy profit. His career briefly diverted into double glazing when they took over a company called Alpine Holdings.

But the pattern for the purple patch in Gulliver's career was set when James Gulliver Associates (later the Argyl Group) was formed in 1977 and set about a string of aggressive acquisitions in the food and drinks business. These included Allied Supplies, which had been at the heart of James Goldsmith's empire, and the re-purchase of Ortel. Most of the respected shareholders, the master was audacious, inviting shareholders in Distillers to exchange their shares for new ones in Argyl and thereby put Gulliver, Grant and Webster in charge.

Mercury Asset Management backed the idea but the blue-chip board of Distillers hated it. They turned to Guinness as an alternative and after the most ruthless of battles for the hearts and minds of Distillers shareholders, the matter was settled when Mercury sold the shareholding they had built up in the company in the

market, to a buyer who turned out to be Guinness in disguise. It was an outrageous breach of the Takeover Code, but — on condition that Guinness started up their Scottishness a little — the result was allowed to stand.

Gulliver felt exonerated and claimed that "justice had been done" when Ernest Saunders and his Guinness henchmen suffered even more spectacular humiliation as a result of the Distillers battle. But his own business career never recovered from the shenanigans which had been exposed by this least wholesome of takeover epics. The banks still had sufficient faith to back him in a £450 million bid for Lloyds Bank, the carpet retailer, but this was not a success and he left the company in 1990 without compensation.

Gulliver was very much a creature of the 1980s and he was both a prominent donor to, and fund-raiser for, the Conservative Party. In recent years, he pursued private

business interests including a farm in Fife and scallop production in Argyl. He was a vice-president of Manchester United and had a brief stint as chairman of Heart of Midlothian Football Club (in which capacity I recall him delivering the most inappropriate speech I have ever heard when he turned an after-dinner address to the Scottish Football Writers Association into a prolonged chronology of his business career).

Gulliver was married four times. He is survived by his wife, Melanie, and three sons and a daughter from his first marriage.

Brian Wilson
James Gulliver, businessman, born August 17, 1930; died September 12, 1996

Canon G B Bentley

The Church's family man

BRYAN Bentley, who has died aged 87, was Canon of St George's Chapel, Windsor, for a quarter of a century but most significantly, he made a major contribution to the direction of Church of England thinking on marriage and sexual ethics.

His work as a moral theologian began to flourish at Lincoln Theological College in the 1930s. A member of a brilliant constellation of teaching staff, Bryan Bentley was well qualified to hold his place in this glittering array, with firsts at Cambridge in classics and theology.

He remained in Lincoln when his marriage to Nina Williams, filling a combination of appointments in college, cathedral and hospital. He added membership of the Church Assembly to his responsibilities, and in his years as a Proctor in Convocation for Lincoln diocese he crossed the small distinguished band of theologians and lawyers charged with formulating the Church's recommendations

to the State designed to engender a more equitable and realistic divorce law without undermining commitment to marriage as a lifelong covenant.

Putting Asunder (1966) owed much to Bentley's drafting, and it was certainly his most widely influential achievement. He did his best work in a mixed group in which he could respect the expertise of the lawyers while they could value his thorough and analytic thinking and the scrupulous clarity of his writing. The report profoundly influenced government thinking leading to the almost complete removal of the concept of matrimonial offences as grounds for divorce, and substituting irrevocable breakdown as the virtually sole ground.

Together with such undertakings, he was fully committed to his share in the work, governance and music of St George's Chapel, and to the life of Windsor Castle. His long tenure entailed his serving under four deans.

All of them found him a resourceful, but never an easy, colleague. He could be irritatingly insistent upon minutiae of the statutes and less than sympathetic to new ventures. Yet he evoked a measure of affectionate regard and respect for the distinction of his gifts, and his wit.

In his final years he clung to his house in the Castle cloisters as a bastion of his independence, the Dean and Chapter having failed to bid him when he retired. He was also appointed by the Queen to be the first honorary Canon of St George's.

A man of diverse gifts — he serviced his own car and crafted superb toys for his two sons and two daughters — he nevertheless failed to realise much of his great potential, hampered by a tendency to depression and his own perfectionism.

Richard Eyre
Revd Canon Geoffrey Bryan Bentley, moral theologian, born July 15, 1908; died September 12, 1996

Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux

Simple art of extravagance

THE American Art Deco designer, painter, illustrator and writer Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux, who took tea with Gertrude Stein, was photographed by Man Ray, and knew Ernest Hemingway, has died aged 103.

Born Elizabeth Eyre in Johnstown, Pennsylvania, her uncle, Wilson Eyre, was a leading architect in Philadelphia, and she studied painting at the Art Students League in Manhattan. In New York in 1918 she met and married Pierre de Lanux. One week after the Armistice, she accompanied him to Paris where he was working at the League of Nations.

In Paris, where she studied sculpture with Brancusi, they knew Picasso, Matisse, Braque and Léger. She also got to know many of the Surrealists, including Paul Eluard, André Breton and Louis Aragon; she appeared in Aragon's fiction, and was photographed by Man Ray. She told me she met Gertrude Stein many times, always "at the ritual hour of tea. She showed an immediate indifference, if not dislike at once." They knew André Gide and Ernest Hemingway, whose style influenced Eyre de Lanux's writing. And in England, she met Lytton Strachey and the Sitwells, about whom she wrote a story for the *New Yorker*.

Never rich, as were so many of the Americans in Paris at that time, she contributed a monthly column — *Letters of Elizabeth* — to the American magazine *Town & Country*, describing social and artistic life in Paris. For one of her articles, she interviewed Evelyn Wyld, an Englishwoman who had settled in Paris before the first world war. Since then Wyld had collaborated with Eileen Gray, creating decorative schemes to which she contributed hand-woven rugs and textiles and Gray some astonishing lacquer furniture.

Wyld persuaded her inter-

viewer that, rather than write about design and decoration, as a painter, Eyre de Lanux should be doing it herself. As Gray became increasingly preoccupied with architectural schemes, Wyld and Eyre de Lanux collaborated on a series of commissions and exhibitions, working from Wyld's atelier in the rue Vivienne, an apartment which had once belonged to Balzac.

In 1928 they unveiled their first room-setting at the Salon des Artistes Décorateurs. Subsequently they contributed to several annual exhibitions including the Salon d'Automne and the Union des Artistes Modernes, formed in 1930 by a breakaway group of

Art Deco *shinists* with the rational, plain interiors of the Modernists.

Their colour schemes were simple — terracotta red or "havana" brown with white, grey and black — and relied on the different textures of grained wood, lacquer, cowhide or ponyskin, leather, slate, amber and roughly-knotted rugs. Eyre de Lanux's studies of American Indian art at the Smithsonian in Washington DC inspired the motifs which appeared in her lacquer pieces. Another important influence was the house of a friend, Kate Weatherly in St Tropez, painted different shades of white and decorated with driftwood and beach stones. Ornaments in their interiors might include Mexican terracotta pots, ostrich eggs, or a fossilised fish.

I first met Eyre de Lanux in New York in 1960, researching a book on women designers for *Village Voice*. I mentioned the fossilised fish which I had been told stood on the mantelpiece in Wyld's atelier. Eyre was astonished that I could know such a thing, and told me that they had chosen it together. Uninterested in facts or dates — she would never tell me her age — she adored the idea that such pieces of knowledge could pass from person to person, continent to continent, across time.

In 1932, the two women opened a gallery in an old wine shop on rue de la Cambes, but it was not a success. Wyld retired to her house in the hills behind Cannes. Eyre de Lanux moved on to Italy. She never worked again as a decorator.

Pierre de Lanux died in 1965. In the 1960s, Eyre wrote short stories for the *New Yorker* and *Harpers Bazaar*, often based on her experiences travelling in Morocco, Italy, Spain and Bali. She also illustrated children's books — the last of which, *Everhard*, in *Bubble Chamber*, by Lillian Morrison, was published in 1981.



Eyre de Lanux in Paris in the 1920s wearing a coat made by artist Sonia Delaunay

In 1964, her eyesight began to fail. Her frequent letters to me — often containing a bead, a feather, a mother-of-pearl fish, or some other token — ceased. The last time I called her in New York, she asked me not to visit because she deplored her condition. Yet she continued to live alone in her tiny apartment in East 58th Street, crammed

with books, photographs, paintings, sculpture, whatever else intrigued her. Her good friend, the late Madge Garland, Lady Ashton said Eyre was "very beautiful but had no discipline and never stuck at anything". Perhaps her mind was too curious, too alive — always searching for elusive and revealing connections rather

than merely following a straight line.

Eyre de Lanux is survived by a daughter, Anne Strong, and two grandsons.

Isabelle Ancombe
Elizabeth Eyre de Lanux, designer, artist and writer, born March, 1894; died September 8, 1996

Peter Phillips

Hot metal, cool head

TO BE a printer in post-war Fleet Street was one of the world's thankless tasks. Peter Phillips, who has died aged 61, held the job at the *Guardian* from 1976 until 1987, when the paper switched to new technology after Murdoch's *démarche* wrote *finis* to a technology that had lasted in its basics almost exactly 400 years from Caxton.

Printer in the industry, means head printer. In Fleet Street that meant dealing with a workforce hired, not by him, but by the union bosses. It was a position of incredible stress, but one to which he was suited both because of his calm temperament and his training ever since joining the *Guardian* in 1962 he had been the composing room tracker, which meant that when the print unions put in a bill for piece rate working, he would assess it against the small distinguished band of the *Guardian*, Phillips was one of the calm management men who worked their way through a morass of negotia-

tions, first to a mixed economy of computer-set type and finally, when he had become production director, to newspapers composed with no intermediary between the journalist on-screen and the printing press.

Like most people in his job, Peter's health suffered even though he had been a sporting man. He and Jim Markwick, chief executive of the *Guardian* media group, used to play golf for bluffs (£5 notes). Phillips was a competitor by nature and always insisted on cash up front. Markwick remembers the *Guardian* cricket tour of India when the eleven was on the night to meet the Maharajah of Baroda; Peter was so immersed in a card school that when the train reached Baroda he had to spill on to the platform in his pyjamas.

Maybe it was these social gatherings that meant the men who should have been his enemies are the very people who are mourning him now.

Peter leaves a wife, Julia, two sons and a daughter.

Michael McInnes
Peter Phillips, printer, born February 14, 1935; died September 11, 1996

Face to Faith

Time to bring God back into religion

SAMUEL BOETSCH

THE Jewish High Holy Days, consisting of Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur, the Jewish New Year and the Day of Atonement, are upon us, and with them comes introspection about our faith and religious commitment.

Religion is foremost about forging and maintaining relationships between man and his fellow man, and between God and man. Among the most curious items about modern-day religion is the sad fact that many individuals who are religiously observant, even some deeply so, are not necessarily spiritual. A spiritual individual is a man or woman who walks with God, and whom God accompanies at all times. Holiness is a measure of God's presence within a place, or individual, and in modern times He appears distant from even religious life.

It seems that modern-day man has lost sight of the ultimate objective of belief, preferring instead to define religion as a quasi form of pluralism.

To be sure, religion is the most active force in developing latent human goodness, and I believe there to be no extant ideologies that can better impel man to lead a life of altruism more than faith. And yet religious creeds are severely misrepresented when their highest calling is reduced to practising kindness and tolerance. Rather, religion is the bridge which unites God and man. Homo sapiens is that human whose religious convictions enable him to transcend mortal limitations and create an intimate relationship with the Infinite. Our call today must be to bring God back into religion, lest religion itself become yet another false deity.

The great Jewish mystical master, Rabbi Mendel of Kotz, once asked his students to point out where God is. Everywhere, they replied. "No, God is wherever we let Him in," was his comment. Prayer is that door which allows God to enter our lives. To supplicate God with even our most basic needs is to invite God to be a partner in every human undertaking.

We, who purport to speak in the name of religion, are guilty of neglecting our communication with God. Our belief in the redemptive power of prayer has waned.

The Jewish medieval scholar, Maimonides, declared that what is inherent in the obligation to pray is for man to wake every morning, and go humbly before his God to declare his helplessness. He thereby acknowledging his ultimate dependency upon his Creator.

We pretend today that we do

not need anybody and stubbornly refuse to acknowledge any dependency. Thus we find ourselves going through a turbulent cycle of faltering marriages, strained relationships with parents and siblings, and falling out with friends — all because we feel that we are good enough on our own. Maybe this is why we don't pray with the same fervour as our ancestors. Because our society has evolved to such heights of technological excellence and wealth creation, we no longer feel the same dependency on God. We have abandoned prayer in favour of human ability and effort.

The simple yet profound prayer liturgy of the Jewish High Holy Days is a clarion call, reminding us that no human exertion will amount to anything without that most precious gift of life itself. We humbly proclaim God's sovereignty and acknowledge His ability to bestow life and longevity to His liking. The most famous of all the High Holy Day prayers, *Unesana Tokaf*, written by the medieval Jewish martyr, Rabbi Amnon as he lay dying in agony, spells out the message with terrifying simplicity: "On the new year it is inscribed who shall live and who shall die, who shall live out his

allotted time and who shall depart before his time... who shall be humbled and who shall be exalted."

Prayer is like a searchlight which focuses on and illuminates what really is important in life. It sensitises us to the elevated nature of even the minutiae of being and points out God's hidden hand in every aspect of creation. In the final analysis, while homo religiosus is defined as a man who lives his life in accordance with religious law, the spiritual man is he whose devout training and engagement in prayer has sensitised him to experience God in all that he undertakes and to see God wherever he looks.

No wonder, then, that prayer has always been associated with hope. Because when we perceive God behind all empirical events, we cannot help, but feel comforted that He has never abandoned us.

In prayer we first learn to approach God, and through this to re-establish our relationship with our fellow man is well. The chorus of human voices in prayer, then, is the bridge that unites not just God and His creation, but all of humanity as well.

Weekend Birthdays

When it comes to voices, beauty is in the ear of the beholder. But nobody has ever suggested Jessye Norman, 51 tomorrow; is other than one of the most ravishing voices in the world. Nature was extraordinarily generous to a diva known to some writers as the "black goddess". Nature provided intelligence as well as beauty, and there was also an almost political role waiting for you to fulfil. For you were the latest, but perhaps the most potent and special-birding in a line of black singers — black women singing especially. All of you had to perform an unfortunately necessary task in achieving respect and acceptance and cultural recognition for your genius and skill. Sailing on stage in a shimmer of tulle, your hair a crown for a face, the urgency and totality of your musical commitment, appeals mightily to the collectors of great divas. Yet, always more important than what fans applaud are your assurances and technical security, your sheer stature as a serious artist, able to evoke pain and terror as well as joy and humour. Thank you Jessye for opening our minds as well as our hearts.



Today's birthdays: Paul Allott, cricketer, 40; Amanda Bartle, actress, 57; Bill Berry, jazz musician, 66; Denis Betts, rugby league footballer, 27; Sandra Blow, painter, 71; Lord Cledwyn of Penrhos CB, former Labour minister, 83; Prof John Coales, electrical engineer, 88; Sir James Cobban, educationalist, 86; Vice-Admiral Sir William Crawford, 88; Terence Donovan, photographer, 60; Kate Millett, writer and feminist campaigner, 62; Sir Angus Ogilvy, president, Imperial Cancer Research Fund, 68; Air Marshal Sir Frederick Sowrey, 74; Ray Williams, footballer, 38; Nicol Williamson, actor, 58; Martin Wyld, head of conservation, National Gallery, 52.

Tomorrow's other birthdays: Prince Henry of Wales, 12; Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos, architect, 87; Charles Bone, mural and watercolour painter, 70; Prof John Russell Brown, stage director, 78; Eva Burrows, General of the Salvation Army, 67; Jackie Cooper, actor, 74; Dame Sylvia Crowe, landscape architect, 95; Phyllis Cunningham, chief executive, Higher Education Funding Council, 62; Rafael Fruhbeck de Burgos, architect, 87; Dr Richard Gordon, novelist, 75; John Julius Norwich, writer and broadcaster, 67; Mike Procter, cricketer, 50; Lady (Mary) Soames, writer, chairman, Royal National Theatre, 74; Oliver Stone, film director, 50; Graham Taylor, football manager, 52.

Memorial Services
TOM WAKEFIELD, a memorial service to celebrate the life and work of Tom Wakefield will be held on Tuesday 24th September at St James's Church, Piccadilly and afterwards at the church.
Rt Hon place your announcement telephone 0171 713 4567. Fax 0171 713 4128.

Blair and the TUC
It should never be the same again

IN 1900, when the Labour Party was formed, fewer than three men in every five had the vote, women did not have the vote at all, and the legal rights of working people and their organisations were vestigial.

There are many reasons why Labour has failed to carry these achievements as far in the second half of the 20th century as it managed to do in the first.

Everyone who is anxious to end the long years of Conservative government is well aware of this continuing problem, and so are most (though not all) people who are active in both the unions and the party.

This is not a relationship in which everything that the party does is good and everything that the unions do is bad. But it is without question a relationship which needs to change and which needs to evolve still further.

NOTE that Prince Charles is contributing to the uglification of the English language. Someone should stop this monstrous barbarisation before it is too late.

In praise of genius

An unlikely best-seller and its modern moral

ALL can't be wrong with the world when a book about the measurement of longitude reaches the number one spot in the best sellers. Written by an American, Dava Sobel, it chronicles the extraordinary story of how the British parliament passed the Longitude Act of 1714.

The Longitude Act sparked a Klondikian rush for a solution that attracted everyone from charlatans to the best minds of the age — including Galileo, Newton and Halley.

It is surely time to establish the equivalent of the Longitude Prize to accelerate the solution of a similar problem of benefit to humanity with favourable economic consequences.

Oasis

An Apology

IN THE Guardian yesterday we carried a number of articles which may have given the impression that the relationship between Liam and Noel Gallagher was under strain.

Letters to the Editor

Arkan: I am no war criminal

I WRITE to reply to certain matters raised in the article by Julian Borger, principally in two recent articles (UK funds Serb war criminal, September 5, and Corners cut in race to stage Bosnian polls, September 6).

Let me deal first with the statement (not simply an allegation) that I am a war criminal or "warlord". This is not the place in which to justify in detail my activities in Croatia and Bosnia, but I would point out to your readers that, principally because of the American hostility to those activities in defence of Serbs in Croatia and Bosnia, I have been investigated by the prosecutor's office of the International War Crimes Tribunal in the Hague.

These people are supporters of the old united ethnically mixed Yugoslavia who went to live away to side with their Elzhangarians, Albanians, Jews, gypsies. I do not suggest that their numbers are large proportionally to Serbs but I welcome their continuing presence.

Past the post

YOU report that the Government is aiming to create a scare for homeowners over mortgages. Funny, I thought they had already done that.

ON Thursday my "morning" post arrived at 5.20pm. Is this a record? Ian Turner, 12 Church Street, Melbourne, Derbyshire DE73 1EJ.

NOTE that Prince Charles is contributing to the uglification of the English language. Someone should stop this monstrous barbarisation before it is too late.

IF THE Church really wants to celebrate both the birth and death of Christ properly, (Letters, September 6, 11, 12 and 13) surely it should be on a 25-year cycle.

There is no mystery about

Norma Major's participation in her husband's electioneering; Mr Major only had to remind her that if the Conservatives lose the next election, he'd be spending more time at home.

WE should be grateful to Oasis for one thing. They have given the three-chord busker some new material to give us all a rest from Bob Dylan.

Some might say Britpop's dysfunctional

prone to, at best, simmering resentments and, at worst, total communication breakdown and physical violence. Indeed, the life cycle of cultural co-operation is clearly established: struggle, success, split up.

Mark Lawson

HAVING always sought comparison with the Beatles, Oasis may have finally and indisputably matched one achievement of the group that so shadowed their ambitions: splitting up.

Artistic collaboration has always been a problematic business. From the Beatles and Monty Python via Simon & Garfunkel, Woody and Mia, Ike and Tina to the Police and Newman & Baddiel, the creative duo or group has been

Expelled and sent to Coventry

I WAS shocked at the proposals put forward by the National Association of Head Teachers (NAHT) to expel disruptive pupils from schools and send them to Coventry.

The recent Ofsted report found that African and Caribbean pupils were "six times more likely to be expelled than their white peers." Whatever the colour of the children, I have come across bias, muddled evidence, or none at all, hidden motives and a general disregard (or ignorance) of rules of natural justice.

At the independent appeal hearing all sides can put their case — a very basic condition for the just resolution of disputes. Why should head-teachers be different? John Martin, Bradford Law Centre, 31 Manor Row, Bradford BD1 4PS.

Strife in the country

I AM glad The Archers is being broadened in scope to reflect life away from a cosy middle-class Midlands England. With a bit of luck, its shift will allow it to achieve its rightful place alongside Neighbours and East-Enders as tabloid fodder unworthy of broadcast attention.

Two fingers to the Millennium

SIR NORMAN Foster's grandiose scheme (Letters, September 10, 11) resembles two toes on a webbed foot, with the two diverging towers held together by a thin structure.

AMBRIDGE is lame. In our North Yorkshire hamlet a farmer tried to sell the village

A Country Diary

ANGLESEY: Here again, traversing the unmatched east coast north of Dulas Bay. Atlantic grey seals watched our passing from the green swells where submarine coves of wracks waved their arms.

There's no more delectable corner of the Principality than this high lump of north-eastern most Anglesey, a rounded peninsula culminating in the stony top of Mynydd Eilian.

WHAT a shame that we can't consider the Third World rather than a skyscraper in our bid to celebrate the millennium. In the 1970s, Western banks lent huge sums to those countries hoping to boost exports and make a profit. Today many of the

The Gallaghers creative disagreements were complicated, fatally, by genes

Given the internal pressures and the external attention, the real surprise is not that divorce seems now to have occurred, but that it was so rapid: from no-ones-to-page-no in the space of 18 months.

In the case of the Gallaghers, the creative disagreements, nearly inevitable when two people share a stage, were fatally complicated by genes and background. Even the Osmonds — raised in American mid-western comfort as strict Mormons — were not immune from the difficulties of trying to share both blood and lime-light, so pity the Gallaghers, poor working-class Mancunians from a broken home.

The fact that so much relevant information about the brothers is now on public record — Liam's threat to kill his father if he ever saw him again, a description by an ex-girlfriend of a "sex and cocaine hell" — is a measure of the extent to which the Oasis breakup is a model of the operation of the modern media. A common remark about the media coverage of the Princess of Wales has been that royals were written about as if they were rock stars, but the Gallaghers offer a contrasting example of rock stars being written about as if they were royals.

Given the internal pressures and the external attention, the real surprise is not that divorce seems now to have occurred, but that it was so rapid: from no-ones-to-page-no in the space of 18 months.

Waste not want

YOUR correspondence on the new landfill tax (Letters, September 11 and 12) raises some points that deserve clarification.

Landfill tax, from October 1, will contribute to the Government's strategy for the sustainable management of waste. It seeks to increase the cost of landfill in order better to reflect its environmental impact, and is intended both to encourage waste producers to produce less waste, and to dispose of less in landfill sites by recycling, composting or energy recovery. Revenues will help to fund a £300 million cut in employers' National Insurance contributions.

The tax will be charged at two rates: £7 per tonne for active waste (eg plastic packaging and garden rubbish), and £2 per tonne for inactive waste (that which does not generally decompose or release harmful substances, such as bricks or soil). Mixed consignments will be charged at the higher rate. The tax will be accounted for by landfill-site operators, who will, no doubt, pass the additional cost on to customers. Waste carriers and skip operators will pass on some or all of the cost to the waste producer.

Grass

hramble covered headland beyond. At Freshwater Bay, though, there's no alternative to a high traverse above the cliffs and so on towards the lighthouse at Point Lynas. The present building of 1835 is successor to the one put up soon after 1780. Here, too, stood a semaphore station of the Trust's, these were just about the only sounds as we scrambled towards the north. Low tide was well passed, there is no official path above high tide mark on this coast, good progress was necessary to reach Freshwater Bay before we got out.

By the time we'd turned back from Point Lynas to go over the flank of Mynydd Eilian daylight was failing — shorter days is a penalty extracted by burgeoning September. Beyond the highest ground we could still make out the homely profile of the ancient farm at Rhosymynach Fawr, looking out across the eastern sea to the first lights twinkling under the Great Orme's west shore.

Grass

single simultaneous audience but, curiously, as television has fragmented, newspapers have homogenised.

Where once there was a clear divide between tabloid and broadsheet news values, increased competition between newspapers has led to a rise in lighter, jollier stories at the cost of high-attention reads. The same walterweight entertainment stories — horrid sportsmen, bi-sexual entertainers, abusive musicians — are likely to receive equal play in both the press. Given the statistical fire adult population sees a newspaper every day, a common culture of sorts has been achieved, at least in the area of entertainment news. Oasis's fame has been helped by this journalistic blur.

Finally, like so many modern stories, the tale of Oasis is a story of the relative insignificance of Britain. The noise they make was joyously dubbed Britpop, but, as the band well understood, Britpop could only achieve real meaning by becoming Globalpop, hence the tour of America which has just been abandoned, perhaps in part because American audiences did not respond as the Gallaghers had hoped. Like the numerous manifestations of the British Film Industry, Britpop remained resolutely British. Oasis remained in the desert of their domesticity.



Mark Lawson

Bosnians
its vote c

Martin
Hollacott

Gray

Grass

مكتبة الامم المتحدة

Bosnians' choice: it's vote or die

Commentary
Martin Woollacott

HERE comes the charade, sham, fraud, or shameful joke — take your pick of the epithets used just in recent days to characterise them — of the Bosnian elections. It has become wearisome to enumerate the ways in which they fall short of anything approaching democracy, and in which they will tend toward partition and the rehabilitation of criminals, killers and politicians of the worst kind.

We have Radovan Karadzic and Ratko Mladic leering in the background, their portraits waved about at recent meetings in spite of the strictures of the electoral authorities. We have Croatian thugs just barely contained in Mostar. Forensic teams unearth fresh bodies, almost certainly those of Srebrenica Muslims massacred by Serbs, as the schemes to have displaced Serbs vote in formerly Muslim localities, like Srebrenica, come to fruition. The Muslim dead are in the graves, the Muslim living are far from home, and the Serbian votes are in the ballot box.

Kris Janowski, the laconic Pole who is the spokesman in Sarajevo of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, puts it well when he says that "The cleansing club is up for election." The club of ethnic cleansers is likely not just to win, but to win by a landslide, while those who bear most of the ultimate responsibility for the tragedy of Yugoslavia, Slobodan Milosevic (now expecting the lifting of economic sanctions within 10 days of the vote) and Franjo Tudjman, have squared their differences to the extent of

entering into if the election show was to be staged. The elections made the Europeans and Americans prisoners of a process which the worst elements were well placed to exploit. It gave them more leverage than it did us, and made it certain that the elections would defeat the purpose which they were intended to further, genuine choice for the people of Bosnia.

There had to be a date, however, because Clinton's own elections demanded Bosnian elections as a guarantee that American troops could be withdrawn. The Clinton administration had itself drawn up the code — evident American interests, no troops under UN command, and a definite exit plan — which deprived it, and America's allies, and Bosnia, of the flexibility needed. The package of troops, aid, and elections is a particularly American package. It appears because it combines American values in an attractive way: the power of the armed forces, the importance of money, business, and prosperity in creating the conditions for normal politics, and, finally, the democratic ritual of the vote.

None of this is exactly wrong in principle, but it is wrong headed in practice. The troops operate under unspoken conditions that shield them from criticism or, worse still, actual fighting, and which prevent them, for instance, from arresting war criminals or imposing freedom of movement. The aid money, much of it, ends up in the hands of the locally powerful, who are the same people who ran the war. The elections, worst of all, become a

test for the powers that be, a test of their control of the population.

This was always the function of elections in communist and other authoritarian states. The regime demonstrates control, the people affirm that control. If there are failures of control — a less than adequate turnout, oblique hints of criticism in the press, faint applause — it shows that the cadres have not done their job, or that there are factional differences among the rulers. There may be shifts of policy, both coercive and conciliatory, later, after the election. The staging of displays of affirmation is one of the characteristic activities of one-party regimes.

It is a form of gymnastics that the main Bosnian parties have continued from the old days and at which they are practised, although they differ somewhat in the degree of

The package of troops, aid, and elections is a particularly American package

cynicism and ruthlessness. Under these circumstances, when an ordinary person votes in Bosnia, he does not ask himself whether he wants to live in an ethnic statelet, or in a united Bosnia. He asks himself how he can live at all. Whatever the complexity of his feelings about the war and what has happened, he has to ask himself what is the safest

course for himself and his family. Provoke the local "protectors" or propitiate them? Take a chance on a challenger or stick with the bosses he knows? If he chooses the latter course he will not persuade himself that the leaders are worthy of his loyalty and their policies right and proper, that he is not doing it, in other words, just because he is scared. The anger, frustration, and secret shame is displaced on to other ethnic groups or on to foreign meddlers.

The designers of Dayton made conditions about the conduct of the elections. But, even had they been wholly fulfilled, it is unlikely they would have made much difference to the outcome this time. The outside powers and the local regimes have used one another and come to lean on one another, and the result has been a sort of collusion. There is, however, a second chance, in the form of the elections that are supposed to be held in September 1996. It could be a different story next time, if we take a different approach.

The West has to retain a military presence in Bosnia to prevent, in the first place, a Croat-Muslim war. It could combine that presence with a much more vigorous approach to media freedom, political behaviour, freedom of movement, and war criminals, and with the systematic direction of aid to all-Bosnia projects rather than to those which help the entities. It is only when Bosnians sense a will that is more powerful than that of most of their present leaders, in the Serbian and Croatian areas in particular, that the choices that they feel it is safe to take will open up.

Price and power



Martin Kettle

THUNDERING off the runway at Farnborough last weekend, the Eurofighter 2000 was certainly the loudest aircraft in my experience. And one of the most expensive.

But what is it actually for? Is it something we need? And will it ever go into production anyway?

It is terribly easy, watching the Eurofighter coursing across the sky accompanied by a Battle of Britain Spitfire, to feel a patriotic glow. This symbolic conjunction of the old and the new. But sentimentality comes easily at Farnborough. And it blinds the brain to the real questions about the £40 billion project, which most British politicians seem deeply averse to answering.

However good an aircraft the Eurofighter may be — and there is more than one view about that — it is undoubtedly a child of the Cold War. It was conceived when western Europe assumed that it faced an armed, airborne, superpower threat from Russia.

There were two views about that, of course, but at least the theory bore some plausible relationship to the realities of the time. So too, though controversial in a different way, did the notion of a joint western European fighter project, Eurofighter, was an affirmation that we didn't have to rely on the Americans for our defence. It was proof that Europe could make it alone.

Its embodiment of the claim to European superpower status marks it as a distinctive project of the 1980s, too. It is the quintessence of Heseltinism. But these are the 1990s. The world has changed. We don't face an airborne superpower threat any longer. If indeed we ever did. Russia is even less bent on attacking western Europe now than it was before. It has enough problems keeping itself together, let alone picking fights with countries which are bankrolling its struggle for survival.

In those circumstances, the notion of a distinctively European fighter becomes even fuzziest still. If Europe no longer aspires to be the world's third superpower, what is it doing producing this plane? What is the purpose of a project whose military role is unclear, whose costs have overrun by nearly 100 per cent in a decade and which in any case will not be available until 2002? Who wants it and, of

even more relevance, who needs it? Certainly not France, which long ago bailed out of a project which it was only interested in dominating. And, crucially, not Germany either. Germany has always been extremely lukewarm about the Eurofighter, partly because it has a much clearer view of the post-Cold War world than Britain, partly because it was quicker to question the viability of the project in the age of the missile, and partly because even Germany couldn't afford it.

And if Germany questioned the costs in the early 1980s, in an era of national optimism, how much more likely is it that Germany will question the costs in the latter part of the decade, at a time when it is grimly cutting public spending and as the time approaches when it must decide whether to go through with its order for 140 Eurofighters. The German press this week is full of reports that Bonn will put off the order yet again. Only a generally naive person can be confident that in the end Germany will not pull out.

In which case, who will buy? Eurofighter will not pay its way as a result of the orders from the Spaniards, the Italians or even the Padianian air forces. That leaves only one serious customer: us.

It is a mark of the poverty of our public debate that a project of this kind can barely tap upon our politics. The most sensible utterances on the subject come in Alan Clark's diaries, in which he argues for maintaining the R&D industrial obligation while avoiding a commitment to production. Rarely has so little been said by so many about so much. The Michael Portillo, who ought to be an ideological sceptic about Eurofighter, and who opposed it when he was Chief Secretary, is now promising to buy 232 of these expensive, obsolescent and purposeless planes in one of those more extraordinary events of our times.

But let us pass over that for the moment. Let us ask also why neither the Liberal Democrats nor the Labour Party, which is deeply sceptical about the project originally, do not question its necessity today? We know the answer to that, of course; that they are afraid of being accused of being disarmers, and that they will do nothing to provide political ammunition for the Tories.

Among most politicians, this passes as mature worldly wisdom. But it is really true that a serious debate about defence needs will send voters rushing to the Conservatives? And is it wise for a prospective Labour government — especially one which has denied itself so many other spending options — to pass up even the possibility of reviewing the billions which will be spent on Eurofighters during the next 20 years? Labour's utter unwillingness to talk about defence will cost it and us dear.

The language of priorities is the religion of socialism, said Bevan on one occasion. On that basis alone, there is little justification for so much public money being spent on a project whose purpose is so unclear and whose fulfilment so improbable. Why don't we just buy top quality fighters from the Russians and spend the rest on something useful? Can't we at least discuss it?

Two new books by George Walden and Melanie Phillips take on Britain's educational policy of 'apartheid' from the right and the left. John Gray wonders when our politicians and thinkers will proclaim selective education for the virtue that it really is



'I'll play George Walden, you be Melanie Phillips, and the one with the most devastating critique of liberalism wins'

Grasping the nettle

IN THE raucous political debate about education there is one curious area of silence. No one mentions private schools. A generation ago it was a defining issue between the parties, Labour argued that Britain could not be a classless society so long as it contained privileged independent schools. The Tories held that private education was an expression of the freedom of people to spend their own money as they choose.

Both sides accepted that what governments do about private schooling will make a large difference to the sort of country we live in. The issue between them was not settled. It was too fundamental to be resolved in the culture of compromise that ruled British politics before Thatcher came to power. But Britain's two-tier schooling system did not vanish from political discourse. It remained a bitterly contested territory in the national debate about education.

Only now that the Thatcher episode is plainly over have independent schools entered a political safe haven. For all parties they have become a no-go area, sheltered from debate by a new consensus on their insignificance. Yet the realities are at odds with this post-Thatcherite consensus. If private schools are so unimportant, why do parents scrape and save to pay the fees for them? How do we explain the fact that 80 per cent of 15-year-olds at independent schools gain five or more GCSE passes at grades A to C, against a national average of 43 per cent? Why is it that, though around 7 per cent of Britain's children go to private schools, nine out of ten of them go on to make up around a quarter of the students in higher education?

questions why Britain alone among European countries should have a private-sector education system that produces consistently better results than state schools. Few ask why there is nothing resembling Britain's two-nation schooling system in any other western democracy — except, ominously, in the United States, where a ruthless overclass is withdrawing from all public institutions into fortress-like "plantations".

The answer may be found in an anecdote that George Walden tells in his path-breaking and potentially pivotal book *We Should Know Better: Solving The Education Crisis* (published on Monday by Fourth Estate, £3.99). Walden, the free-thinking Tory MP who was Minister of Higher Education under Margaret Thatcher, was sent by her to China, where he had worked as a diplomat, to represent Britain at the opening of a new university. During his visit he talked with the Chinese minister of education, who was struggling to repair the devastation of the Cultural Revolution and was interested in British experience. The minister asked Walden if it was true that all secondary children were sent to the same type of school. Walden said that, broadly speaking, it was — the schools were called comprehensive. After a comfortable coexistence with underperforming state schools, this settlement has always been anomalous. Its persistence now is an absurdity — particularly for New Labour. It is one of New Labour's axioms that there cannot be economic renewal in Britain without educational reform. In a world in which, more than ever before, knowledge and skills make the difference between national wealth and poverty, no economic policy can compensate for poor schools. Moreover Labour's modernisers accept that the days of redistribution through the tax system are over.

Social justice for them means equal opportunity — a fairer primary distribution of skills and talents. But how can these admirable one-nation ideals be reconciled with a two-nation school system in which all the unfairness of our inherited class structures is magnified by widening economic inequalities? How can Labour promote social mobility when

found almost everywhere in the world. All of the East Asian countries, including Japan, take selective schooling for granted as an aspect of their meritocratic Confucian traditions and as a vital condition of their economic success. Communist state has ever had anything resembling British comprehensive education. All European countries apart from Britain have gymnasiums in which pupils with different abilities go to different schools.

In Britain alone is selective state education reviled as a species of educational apartheid. And only in Britain is there segregation of pupils into two races, destined for unequal development in separate systems of schooling.

HERE is a tacit educational settlement in Britain, whereby a privileged private sector flourishes in comfortable coexistence with underperforming state schools. This settlement has always been anomalous. Its persistence now is an absurdity — particularly for New Labour. It is one of New Labour's axioms that there cannot be economic renewal in Britain without educational reform. In a world in which, more than ever before, knowledge and skills make the difference between national wealth and poverty, no economic policy can compensate for poor schools. Moreover Labour's modernisers accept that the days of redistribution through the tax system are over.

selection by merit is prohibited in the state sector and an affluent minority chooses to buy its children out of it? In these circumstances there is a fundamental conflict between New Labour's meritocratic ethos and the opportunity and Old Labour egalitarian opposition to selection in state schools.

Walden makes unambiguously clear that he does not favour abolition of private schools. Instead he advocates policies that encourage private schools gradually to join the state sector. He demands the abolition of the grubby and costly — on current projections around £200 million a year — Assisted Places Scheme. Departing from both Tory and New Labour orthodoxies, he urges that an extra £5 billion a year be spent on state schools.

But, as he acknowledges, such added resources will not be enough. Schools must retain fully the freedom to admit pupils selectively on academic merit. The middle classes will not opt back into the state sector until they are convinced that it is as successful as independent schools. Yet if we are to track the more successful systems of other European countries, we will need to develop forms of selection that go well be-

yond policies of "setting" — placing children with varying abilities in different subjects into separate classes — that are currently being discussed. Teaching by ability may mean different schools as well as separate classes. This is a nettle that, stung by the Harman affair — Labour's Dreyfus Case, as Walden calls it — New Labour has yet to grasp.

It should be clear to everyone that a far-reaching shift of educational theory and practice is under way in Britain. The experience of a generation is being radically reassessed. It is a process not without its own risks. In All Must Have Prizes (Little Brown, £17.50), Melanie Phillips has launched a fierce and wide-ranging attack on the teaching methods and social philosophy which — she claims — have damaged British education over the past 30 years. Sometimes her horse-side hits the mark. There can be no doubt that, as Tony Blair and David Blunkett have recognised, quality has been sacrificed for equality in many primary and comprehensive schools. There is good evidence that, on most relevant measures, British schoolchildren are a year or more behind their counterparts in comparable countries. This is a telling fact that cannot be repeated too often. Yet Phillips's diagnosis of the causes of failure in our schools is a wild farago of rightwing cultural critiques.

Much of the book is not about schools at all. It is a tirade against the age. She excoriates contemporary family life and the late modern

culture in which individual choice is central. She puts the blame for most, if not all, the ills of society on "moral relativism" and liberal questioning of authority.

It is doubtful whether Phillips has any idea what moral relativism is, or how that abstract doctrine may have affected practical life. The overwhelming likelihood is that "relativism" has no role at all in causing social problems or explaining educational failure. The late modern world — assuming that to be desirable — by declaiming its collapse from the rooftops. The sources of failure in our institutions are older, more tangled and less tractable than Phillips perceives.

Though she constantly attacks liberals for treating schools as instruments for social engineering, her view of them is not much different. Like the American neo-conservative culture warriors who are her principal inspiration, she sees schools as vehicles for rightwing cultural engineering. Yet only an ideologue of the most blinkered and utopian kind could imagine that schools can correct the flaws of a deeply fractured society.

THIS WEEK'S ESSAYIST, John Gray, is a Fellow of Jesus College, Oxford, and a political philosopher and commentator formerly

favoured by the new right but now one of its most articulate critics. His books include Beyond The New Right and Enlightenment's Wake (both published by Routledge), and he writes regularly on the Guardian's comment pages



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IAN TRAYNOR in Oberhausen asks if Germans will buy a US-style temple to consumerism

Uber mall

CentrO in the Ruhr Valley is Europe's largest shopping centre



Facts and figures

- September 1994: First foundation stone laid
- September 1995: CentrO opening
- Shopping centre: 70,000 sq m total retail space, 3km of shop fronts, approx 200 shops
- Leisure park: Size: 80,000 sq m, 51,500 roses, shrubs and trees, 1,850 mature trees
- Arena: 11,500 seating capacity
- Business park: Size: 110,000 sq m
- Total investment: Public & private funds: DM2.2bn (€0.88bn)
- Shopping centre: DM900m, Leisure park: DM70m, Business park: DM400m
- Transport access: Free parking for 10,500 cars, 30 million people can reach CentrO within 2 hours



Tasters... Shoppers sample Americana with a British finish in the 220-shop CentrO. The developers project a market of about 30 million consumers PHOTOGRAPH: KARL-HEINZ KRISPELTS

Welcome to the leisure zone

THE champagne flowed, the male voice choirs sang their hearts out, and the bright new world of a consumer paradise arose from the bones of the heavy industrial past. "A momentous day," a unique partnership between government and the private sector, "the most exciting regeneration project in Europe". Such were the exclamations at the mall's opening ceremony. On Thursday in the depressed town of Oberhausen in the Ruhr, Germany's industrial heartland, CentrO was born.

A temple to post-industrial consumption, CentrO is the biggest shopping centre in Europe and built in a country and culture renowned neither for its malls nor its service sector.

The gleaming steel, slate and red-brick of the 200-acre site have risen over four years from the derelict

remains of an old Thyssen steel mill, and is therefore portrayed as the perfect symbol of urban renewal.

More than 200 shops, a huge aquarium, 30 restaurants, hotels, tennis courts, a concert hall and business park have replaced the smelters, foundries, furnaces, and rolling mills of the Ruhr.

But no thanks to German entrepreneurs, who could not summon any enthusiasm for the project. In a joint venture with P&O, Eddie Healey of the Hull-based Stadium Group — which built Sheffield's Meadowhall mall — ploughed in DM1.1 billion (£478 million) and was the driving force behind the project.

"It's amazing," says Mr Healey. "No developer in Germany was prepared to take this on. If it had been in Britain, I would have had a dozen competitors. But here nobody wanted to do it."

CentrO sits smack in the middle of North Rhine-West-

The tiredness and complacency of the economy recall pre-Thatcherite Britain, but there are no obvious radicals waiting to spearhead a Thatcher-style assault on the nostrums of post-war Germany

phalia, Germany's most populous state and within easy driving distance of Holland and Belgium. Around 27 million people live within a 150-mile radius. The aim is to draw in 30 million punters a year, and Mr Healey asserts that the complex will create some 10,000 jobs in a town where 14.6 per cent of the population is unemployed.

That is where the whinging and the trouble start. Germany is trapped in high unemployment, weak economic performance and structural crisis. There is an air of tiredness and complacency about the economy that recalls pre-Thatcher Britain, although there are no obvious radicals waiting in the wings to spearhead a Thatcher-style assault on the nostrums of post-war Germany.

But, with its reliance on manufacturing and an ambivalence about the service sector, Germany's embrace of the CentrO shopping-mall phenomenon is less than pas-

ionate. The 230 shops will still be constrained by some of the most restrictive retailing hours in Europe, although those hours are to be modestly extended in November, after years of argument.

The local zoo-keeper is complaining that the CentrO aquarium will seriously reduce the number of visitors his site receives. Regional traders and shop-owners are livid, arguing that the mall will sweep up all their customers and income. Half of the 6,000 jobs already created are part-time and low-paid.

According to Heinz Schruppf, a Ruhr region economic analyst at the economic research institute in nearby Essen, vacancies in the mall are not being filled because many of the unemployed — on earnings-related welfare in what has been traditionally a high-pay region — are better off on the dole.

This is contested by the Oberhausen dole office, whose director, Adelheid Saemmüller, insists she had 11,500 applicants for 3,500 jobs at CentrO.

The project represents a large slice of American consumer culture transplanted to Germany precisely at the time when the country's business, banking, and political elites are agonising about whether that is the right direction for the country as a whole to take.

Leading industrialists are campaigning hard for deregulation, less red tape, lower overheads, reduced taxes on business — in short, an injection of the American business ethos into the corporate practices of Germany's "social market economy".

But while constantly calling for more flexibility and risk-taking to spur the economy, Chancellor Helmut Kohl also regularly inveighs against Reaganism and Thatcherism, making plain his preference for more staid German practices. The unions and the opposition Social Democrats are similarly wedded to the anti-American business ethos.

So it is somewhat of a paradox that CentrO has been built with the full support of the state's minister-president, Johannes Rau, a Social Democrat grandee.

Mr Schruppf sees no salvation in a vigorous services sector. "You can't succeed here with services alone," he says. "You need an industrial core and a manufacturing heart. And the money being spent at CentrO has to be earned somewhere else. Besides, they were lucky in their timing with CentrO. They would never get the development permission now,

under the regulations protecting small retail outlets and small businesses."

Mr Healey finds it hard to believe that in such a big economy as Germany's the shopping mall culture is so much in its infancy.

"This is the only one like this in Germany, maybe a tenth of what's in the UK. We've got four big shopping malls and another four are being built."

But next door in Bottrop this summer, Time Warner also opened its huge Movie World entertainment and leisure complex.

Mr Kohl once famously complained that Germans, with their high wages, long holidays and generous welfare systems, were turning their country into a giant "leisure park".

In the old steel and mining towns of the Ruhr, whose muscle built post-war Germany, that feat is becoming a reality in the shape of CentrO and Movie World.

Chirac repairs phone lines

Sanchia Berg in Warsaw

FRENCH president Jacques Chirac was effusive this week about his first official visit to Poland's capital. "I have never found such a warm reception as in Warsaw... I think the relationship between the French and the Poles is something in the genes."

But the warmth of his remarks gave no hint that the relationship between the two countries is under strain in one key commercial area. France Telecom is locked in dispute with the Polish government, claiming breach of contract over a licence to operate mobile phones.

The Polish telephone network is in sore need of investment. In the countryside there are six phones per 100 households — a lower ratio than in Russia. People wait decades for a telephone line. One telephone engineer said: "I waited 22 years for my phone — and I work for the company."

France Telecom came to the rescue in 1991, agreeing to set up an analogue, national mobile phone network in partnership with the US firm Ameritech and state-owned Telekomunikacja Polska.

The result, Centritel, was very successful and highly profitable, although it offered limited coverage and demanded outrageous prices for its services.

Both foreign investors said they recognised analogue would be made obsolete by the European-developed GSM digital phone system. They claim they only committed themselves to Centritel on the promise of a GSM licence.

The frequencies for two GSM networks became free last year, released by the Polish army. To the surprise of Ameritech and France Telecom, licences were handed to other consortiums. The two investors have filed separate suits in the International

Court of Justice in The Hague.

France Telecom did not stop there. The company stopped all funding for Poland's only specialist college for telecommunications engineers.

The Franco-Polish School of New Technologies in Poznan is modelled on the French grandes écoles. It is the only such school outside France entitled to give a grande école diploma in New Technologies and Management Skills. Twenty per cent of its graduates go to work for France Telecom — the rest are snapped up by other companies.

Helping Poland join the European Union was President Chirac's theme this week, and his presence put pressure on the Polish side. An embarrassed Aleksander Kwasniewski, Poland's president, said after his meeting: "There is a good chance now to solve the problem of France Telecom."

According to the Polish deputy telecoms minister, Andrzej Kleszczy, France Telecom is ready to withdraw its legal action if it is promised a licence to run a third GSM network, on a different frequency. Tenders for that licence should open later this year.

Mushrooming fast food firm delivers the goods

Spain's pizza delivery king is about to be floated on the stock market, Adela Gooch reports from Madrid

IN JUST nine years, Telepizza's Vespa delivery boys have become a familiar feature of Spanish cities. Now the country's first and most successful pizza-to-your-door chain is set to float a 40 per cent stake on the stock exchange, ending a fierce battle for control between the founder and his brother.

The company, set up in 1987 with 10 million pesetas, has almost 200 outlets in Spain and employs 2,000 full time and 10,000 part time staff. There are 50 branches around the globe.

The venture is an entrepreneurial success story relatively rare in Spain, where Franco's paternalistic nationalised economy created an environment in which most people only aspire to a safe job in the civil service.

The credit is due to Leopoldo Fernández, known as Leo, a Cuban-born American who saw an opportu-

Just over half the capital, and wanted a share in the profits. They accused Leo of high handed autocracy, and he argued the benefits should be ploughed back into the business.

As rumours of interested buyers, including the De Benedetti group and risk capital company Warburg Pincus, began to circulate, anger exploded in a coup spearheaded by Leo's own brother Eduardo.

But Vietnam veteran Leo, a born fighter, staged a comeback this year selling 18 per cent of his 40 per cent stake to Banco de Bilbao y Vizcaya, one of Spain's big four banks. BBV acted as mediator and put forward a peace plan which led to Leo's return.

The flotation expected in the next couple of months will provide Telepizza with capital for further expansion and give BBV a way out of a business which does not fit in with its other activities. During last year's infighting, Telepizza's value was estimated at 10,000 million pesetas (£52 million). Now it is between 16,000 and 20,000 million, at the core of a rapid growth sector.

PC sales 'recovery' fails to quell Olivetti fears

John Glover reports from Milan on the erosion of the veneer of viability at De Benedetti group



Open to question... group head Carlo de Benedetti

HAVING begun life making typewriters, Olivetti risks ending it as a victim of the typewriter's successor — the personal computer. The PC made its name and the PC too has tied Olivetti white.

Despite restructurings, in the first half of the year Olivetti's PC business lost just under 16 billion lire (£7 million) — better than before, but still too much. Analysts wonder whether the apparent recovery is all it seems.

The PC business achieved sales in the first half of this year of 991 billion lire, just under a quarter of the group total of 4.23 trillion lire. But as Alberto Rolla, an analyst at Milan securities house Pasfin points out, if you strip out purchases by other bits of Olivetti, PCs made up just under 12 per cent of sales.

The corporation's biggest business is Olivetti Systems and Services, which accounts for about 60 per cent of group sales. OSS is also Olivetti Personal Computers' largest customer. This raises questions about prices and conditions. OSS, the argument runs, might be performing less well than it should on account of its relationship with its weaker sibling.

The relationship between OSS and the PC business is not the only issue that is worrying analysts. One of the more obscure points about Olivetti's figures is how many PCs it has in its warehouse and what they are worth.

"The PC has the shelf life of a lettuce," says one London analyst. Fast the due date, neither fresh vegetables nor PCs are worth very much.

confidence: "This is not another Ferrini," said the general manager of one of Olivetti's largest lenders.

But the ghost of Raul Gardini's Ferruzzi Finanziaria haunts the Olivetti affair. Once Italy's second-largest private sector concern, in 1993 Ferrini collapsed under the enormous weight of hitherto unsuspected debts. By using multiple deposits to back credit lines, and a network of shell companies in tax havens, Gardini and his successors found imaginative ways of hiding their company's massive exposure.

At the top of the De Benedetti group is the family strongbox, a company named Carlo De Benedetti & Figli. This owns a 25 per cent stake in Cofide, a listed company which exists to hold a 43 per cent stake in CIR, the main holding company. CIR owns 14.44 per cent of Olivetti, as well as stakes in other companies — including Cerus, the owner of French vehicle-components firm Valeo. This week, the French authorities began looking into press leaks of CIR's plans to sell Valeo to a French group.

The De Benedetti group has hocked many of its shares to the banks in exchange for loans. This week it emerged that Chase Manhattan had lent CIR 300 billion lire against shares amounting to about 10 per cent of Olivetti. They are now worth rather less than 200 billion lire.

Group sources acknowledge Valeo shares have been pledged as collateral, though it is not clear how many. The Italian press has reported that shares in other group companies have been pledged to guarantee loans to Carlo De Benedetti & Figli.

The collapse in the bourse value of the group's Italian companies leaves bankers wondering just how much their collateral is worth. And that raises questions about De Benedetti's exposure, and his ability to pay.

PC sales 'recovery' fails to quell Olivetti fears

John Glover reports from Milan on the erosion of the veneer of viability at De Benedetti group



مركز الأبحاث

Development will boost Private Finance Initiative and put luxury homes into Whitehall building

Treasury flats deal signed

Sarah Ryle

THE Treasury was jubilant last night after awarding the flagship contract for the £200 million redevelopment of its Whitehall headquarters to a private consortium which will turn part of the Grade II-listed building into luxury flats.

The high-profile redevelopment marks a watershed for the Private Finance Initiative, the Government's scheme to transfer capital investment from the public to the private sector, which has been heavily criticised for having too much red tape.

The Treasury responded to critics by pledging a more streamlined process and an overhaul of civil service attitudes to project procurement. A spokesman said of the deal finalised last night: "We are very pleased. The chancellor named this as a key project and we can now be seen to be leading from the front."

"We will be paying a similar rent to the company when we move back in as the one we pay now, but we have got the private sector to pay the £200 million to redevelop the building."

Exchequer Partnership, the successful bidder, comprises Bovis, Stanhope, Chesterton International and Hambros. It is headed by Stuart Lipton, who beat his former business partner Geoffrey Bradman to the contract.

Exchequer will be joined by Chesfield and architects Foster & Partners, headed by Sir Norman Foster — who ran in to controversy earlier this week with plans to build Europe's tallest skyscraper in the City.

The consortium will recoup some of its costs by selling the flats, which will boast one of the world's most exclusive addresses and command a huge premium. These top peoples' homes will be towards the back of the present building, overlooking St James' Park and Buckingham Palace.

Planning sensitivities have held up official confirmation of the details. The bidders did not want to upset National Heritage or Westminster City Council, both of which must approve any changes.

Exchequer's managing director Paul Lewis said: "This project will meet our objectives: to respect, restore and update an historic building and to provide the Treasury with a working environment fit for the 21st century, while offering good value for money."

"We are all delighted that our ideas and efforts have earned us the opportunity to proceed to the next stage of the process on this most prestigious of PFI projects."

Experts have estimated that the losers, led by Mr Bradman, will have spent up to £1 million on the year-long preparations for the bid.

The Treasury said it would take another month to resolve planning issues and to issue models and drawings of the new-look building at Great George Street. It aims to move out of the 22,000 square metres of office space in 1998 — by which time it anticipated that the number of civil servants in the Treasury will have been cut from 1,000 to about 800.

The address of the new Treasury headquarters has not been announced. Officials are reluctant to ruffle civil servants' feathers by going public with it before the deal is finalised, but staff will not have to go far.



Windows of opportunity... the Treasury, a Grade II listed building now to be redeveloped by the Exchequer consortium

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A site in central London has been earmarked and, if Chancellor Kenneth Clarke is to be based with his officials, it must be within the earshot of Parliament's division bell.

Exchequer will have three clear years to redevelop the building before the Treasury moves back in in 2001. It expects to reoccupy half of its existing floor space.

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A site in central London has been earmarked and, if Chancellor Kenneth Clarke is to be based with his officials, it must be within the earshot of Parliament's division bell.

Exchequer will have three clear years to redevelop the building before the Treasury moves back in in 2001. It expects to reoccupy half of its existing floor space.

George Street. It aims to move out of the 22,000 square metres of office space in 1998 — by which time it anticipated that the number of civil servants in the Treasury will have been cut from 1,000 to about 800.

The address of the new Treasury headquarters has not been announced. Officials are reluctant to ruffle civil servants' feathers by going public with it before the deal is finalised, but staff will not have to go far.

Notebook

Running away is just not 'in'



Alex Brummer

EVERYWHERE in Europe, with the exception of Britain, this autumn's political debate is dominated by the push to European monetary union. The Bundestag yesterday was debating the most significant overhaul of the German social settlement since post-war reconstruction, as the Kohl government — the great driver of the single currency cause — seeks to bring its budget inside the Maastricht criteria.

In France, the Chirac administration is hammering out a pensions deal with France Telecom, as part of its effort to squeeze the budget deficit within the 3 per cent of gross domestic product criteria.

Here, in Europe's financial centre, the discussion of monetary union is only conspicuous by its absence. John Major is doing his best to have the Dublin summit (scheduled for October 5, just before the Tory conference) postponed. In its recently issued "New opportunities for Britain", the Labour Party, evoking the misleading language of the Eurosceptics "rejects the idea of a European superstate". As for the single currency, that must be determined "by a hard-headed look at its economic practicalities". This is as if there had not been enough opportunities for such hard-headed looks since Maastricht. Only the TUC dared throw its support behind the euro at its conference this week. That may be explained why Tony Blair is scuttling so fast in the other direction.

The reality is, the more that main parties, with the honourable exception of the Liberal Democrats, pretend there is nothing much to be done about monetary union at present, the more difficult the economic and financial practicalities become. Of course, in the background, practical steps have to be taken. There was a minor flurry 10 days ago when the BBC suggested that the Governor of the Bank of England, Eddie George, was in Frankfurt at the European Monetary Institute, the forerunner of the European central bank, battling away for thousands of jobs in the City of London.

The reality is rather different. The Bank, for all the additional authority it has been given for the conduct of domestic monetary policy, is still ultimately part of the Treasury. While Mr George can fight in Frankfurt for a level playing field in monetary and payment systems, he is inhibited by the fact that the UK is still a "maybe" as far as monetary union is concerned and is widely perceived as an "out".

Mr George has a particularly difficult path to tread. As guardian of the City's role as Europe's main financial centre he has to ensure that the financial community here is on top of the technical issues which need to be tackled. On Monday, Mr George's main emissary in Europe, John Townsend, will present an update on the City's efforts to be ready for a euro regime. If, for instance, the London futures market wished to maintain its dom-

inance in foreign currency options contracts, it will need to tackle awkward issues about the continuity of contracts on the day that the German mark, the French franc and the old European currency unit are replaced by the euro. An issue which has tax implications, too.

This is not a comfortable role for Mr George, who above all would describe himself as a euro-pragmatist. He and the Bank have come to recognise that the driving force behind the euro is as much political as economic. Thus, in the process of bending convergence criteria to ensure that there are enough "in" countries to make EMU viable, other factors which signal convergence such as wide income gaps between member countries and differential unemployment rates, are swept under the carpet.

If the EU Governor utters such thoughts, as he has on several occasions, he risks, in the low-quality UK political debate, being shovelled into the Euro-sceptic camp. That may not seem to matter, except that there is now some evidence to suggest that the UK's indifference to the euro is starting to disadvantage the UK in technical discussions.

If the EU "outs" were to be treated in exactly the same as those inside, there ought to be no fundamental reason why the City's leading financial centre status should be in doubt. Take foreign exchange transactions: at first blush it might be thought that collapsing 13 currencies into one, the euro, would be a disaster for London banks which profit from trading a range of combinations of these pairs.

As a new study by Salomon Brothers in the US points out, these trades are dwarfed by trades in dollar/yen and dollar/German mark, world dollar trades representing 94 per cent of volume. Only 10 per cent of trades in New York and 15 per cent in London are intra-European. In that these trades would probably be replaced by those among "outs" and "ins" in Europe and that the volumes of dollar/euro trades might be greater than that of dollar/mark there might be very little difference in volumes once the system settles down.

However, if the rules were drawn so there could not, for instance, be any intra-day settlements on Paris, even because Britain was outside the system — smarter investment bankers operating out of London might decide there is reason to move some of their money market and foreign exchange dealings to Frankfurt or Paris, even though the cost structure would be far worse.

It is possible, arising through the technicalities — for instance, on primary euro bond issuing authority — to find several cases where the "outs" may have some commercial advantage or, at worst, punish the "outs" for their indifference. It may not be good economics or in keeping with the new globalised financial system, but it is an opportunity for self-interest.

Anyone who does not believe any of this only has to look at the preparations for Dublin in October. The European Union is into punishment. The proposed punitive sanctions against "in" countries who stray from Maastricht budget criteria are an example of the rigidities which left alone, the Germans and French could build in. Which makes it all the more important that the UK, with its liberal economic traditions, is part of the process.

Competition to control Kepit turns nasty

Richard Miles

A LONG-running contest for control of Kepit, the poorly performing £500 million European privatisation investment trust, turned into an ugly scuffle between City institutions yesterday.

TR European Growth fund, a £170 million investment trust run by Henderson Touche Remnant, launched a scathing attack on the restructuring proposals recommended by the Kepit board earlier this week, which offer the 77,000 shareholders a choice of two unit trusts or cash.

TREG dismissed the recommended proposal, a joint offer from unit trust manager M&G and the incumbent manager, Kleinwort Benson, as poor value for investors who want to cash in their shares in Kepit, which has yielded only 6 per cent growth in the past two years.

Under the Kepit board's recommendation, the trust would be broken up and its shares converted into cash, transferred to unit trusts or cash in their shares in Kepit, which has yielded only 6 per cent growth in the past two years.

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wind up Kepit and return investors' money.

Extending the acceptance period for its hostile takeover bid until early October, TREG claimed Kepit shareholders — many of whom are institutional investors — would receive more cash for their shares under its offer and challenged the trust's board to publish its own cash figures.

Sir Geoffrey Littler, chairman of TREG, said: "We fail to understand why Kepit's investors have been given no estimate of the value of cash exit under their proposals." He added that TREG had already lined up buyers for the Kepit portfolio of shares at discounted terms.

But Shane Ross, the independent chairman of Kepit's board, hit back, arguing that it was impossible for TREG to find a buyer for the portfolio because its holdings had never been made public, and he urged shareholders to accept his recommendation.

Ben Siddons, chairman of Kleinwort Benson Investment Funds, said the TREG bid would cost investors £10 million in restructuring fees. Kleinwort Benson has waived its £2 million termination fee. "Whatever TREG can do, we can do better," he said.

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Heineken heads... 1976 ad campaign reflects current pain from swallowing acquisitions

Bidding for Tom Cobleigh and all

THE journey to Widelcombe Fair could hardly have been shorter for Tom Cobleigh, the pubs operator. The company said yesterday it had received a takeover approach less than a year after it was floated, writes Lisa Buckingham.

Analysts tipped Greenalls, one of the largest non-brewery-owned pub groups, as a potential buyer for Tom Cobleigh, which owns 58 pubs and saw its value rise 10 per cent to £94.2 million. The company's bid value is put at about £120 million.

A bid has been expected since European Acquisition Capital effectively put Tom Cobleigh into play in June by revealing plans to sell its 50 per cent stake.

Two benign US inflation reports fuelled the powerful market rally. The August consumer price index edged up just 0.1 per cent while retail sales rose by 0.2 per cent.

This easily beat analyst predictions, pushing up the price of the long bond and causing the yield to dip below 7 per cent for the first time in two weeks.

This triggered sheer relief that the Federal Reserve, America's central bank, would be unlikely to increase rates at its September 24 meeting.

"A fortnight ago, everyone was worried that interest rates would go up in excess of a quarter-point, now there's a chance that there will be no rise this time around and the FTSE is looking to go to 4,000 points," a dealer said.

Heineken pours market a shock

Lisa Buckingham

HEINEKEN, the world's second largest brewery group, yesterday shocked investors by delivering what the market regarded as its first-ever profits warning.

The Dutch company, which ranks after America's Anheuser Busch in sales, fulfilled Friday the 13th superstitions by predicting that profits for the trust's board would probably not match the double-digit record of recent years.

The warning came as the Amsterdam-based group revealed lower-than-expected interim profits of 297 million florins (£113 million) — a rise of 6 per cent but well below Heineken's recent rate of profit growth.

Shares fell by more than 13 per cent in response even though Heineken explained that much of the shortfall arose because it was attempting to digest several takeovers in addition to the impact of almost universally poor weather during early summer on the Continent.

A spokesman said: "We have given a lot of signals about this year's results but for the last 15 or 16 years we have produced double-digit increases so that's what people have come to expect."

He said the group invested about £305 million in the first half of the year — up from £236 million a year ago — on acquisitions, brand investment and extra capacity.

Analysts had pencilled in profit increases of between 10 and 14 per cent despite Heineken's refusal earlier this year to forecast results because of market uncertainties. The spokesman said it was wrong "for a company like us to look at the short term only — we have to think of the middle to long term."

Sales of Heineken in the UK — which are managed by Whitbread — have held up well. The company's standard lager, which is competing in a stagnant sector of the beer market, showed an increase of about 5 per cent while the premium Heineken Export has recorded sales growth of 23 per cent.

What concerns analysts, however, are the signs that other European beer markets are static and that this is leading, increasingly, to price competition particularly on non-premium brands.

Although Heineken is reckoned to be the most international brewer — Anheuser earns most of its revenue from the US — the company still relies on the European market for nearly three-quarters of its income.

Dow and Footsie conquer peaks

Price Index



have a Dow at 6000 by the election."

But while investors were in full cry, many analysts believed that the Fed would still raise rates at its next meeting, in keeping with its policy of pre-emptive strikes.

The London market is not so much concerned at the size of any rate rise in the US, more that a rise would spell the end of a downward cycle in domestic interest rates.

Strategists and dealers agreed that in London the 4,000-point barrier would fall early next week, although there were warnings that levels significantly above that range would be hard to maintain.

Philip Isherwood, UK strategist at Kleinwort Benson, said US monetary policy was little obstacle to further gains in the FTSE, especially if the Fed packaged a rate rise as pre-emptive.

Although UK corporate results have been OK so far, the sterling is behaving and if people really believe that a 25 basis point rate rise has been discounted, then there is nothing coming next week which could really upset the market," he said.

He cautioned that the lacklustre performance of UK government bonds, hit by worries that Chancellor Kenneth Clarke might indulge in a pre-election rate cut, could put a brake on the market.

Richard Jeffrey, strategist at Charterhouse Tilney, agreed that the stock market should see 4,000 points next week. "The tone of company statements, particularly from the manufacturing sector, has been good, and that's what we'll be listening for next week."

EC calls 'in-depth' inquiry into sale of Cadbury drinks plants

Jonathan Goffin

THE European Commission last night launched an "in-depth" inquiry into Cadbury Schweppes' recent £700 million sale of its British soft drinks plants to an associate of the Coca-Cola Company.

The Commission said the investigation was being carried out under EU merger rules designed to avoid large-scale monopolies which distort markets.

The inquiry would focus on the impact of the plan on soft drinks competition in Britain, although Brussels added that the decision to investigate did not prejudice the final outcome of the case. It is obliged to complete its inquiries within four months.

While the commission has only blocked five mergers to date, in some cases it has insisted on radical amendments to original plans.

Coca-Cola controls 32.6 per cent of the British soft drinks market, of which Coke itself has 18.6 per cent, according to Deverege Digest, the US trade publication.

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Cadbury had run the bottling plant as part of a joint venture with Coca-Cola. But the two firms announced in June that the business was being sold to Coca-Cola Enterprises, which is 44 per cent owned by the American drinks group. Coca-Cola earned an initial \$520 million from its 49 per cent stake.

The joint venture owned five plants which bottle, can and distribute Cadbury and Coca-Cola products, together with other drinks throughout the UK.

While the commission has only blocked five mergers to date, in some cases it has insisted on radical amendments to original plans.

Price Waterhouse to invest \$100m over five years in Chinese venture

Roger Coates

PRIE Waterhouse, the international accountancy firm, yesterday stepped up the western invasion of China with plans to invest \$100 million over the next five years.

The money will be poured into new offices, and the recruitment and training of locals to supplement the Price Waterhouse staff flown in from its global network.

Dominic Tarantino, the firm's chairman, said he aims to have 2,000 staff in the country by the year 2000, compared with 600 people now.

A spokeswoman said: "It's a classic Price Waterhouse. We have always had to go where our international clients want to go."

The Chinese government has been keen to recruit international advisory firms since opening the economy in the early 1980s. But it is keen to avoid foreigners holding too much power, so the emphasis is on joint ventures with Chinese firms and training of indigenous accountants.

Rate rise fears are cast aside. Tony May and Mark Tran report

STOCK markets soared to record levels on both sides of the Atlantic yesterday after US retail sales figures for August appeared to remove the threat of an increase in interest rates there.

In London, the FTSE 100 index soared 35.3 points to close at 3977.5, just below an all-time high, set in mid-afternoon, of 3979.5.

This easily beat the previous best of 3933.6 set on Tuesday and prompted analysts to predict a surge through the 4000 level next week.

In New York, the Dow index leapt 80 points to 3851, breaking through the 3800 barrier for the first time. This eclipsed the previous peak of 3778, reached in May.

Analysts said the day's gains were underpinned by a surge to record levels on Frankfurt and supported by a sharp rise in US and European government bonds.

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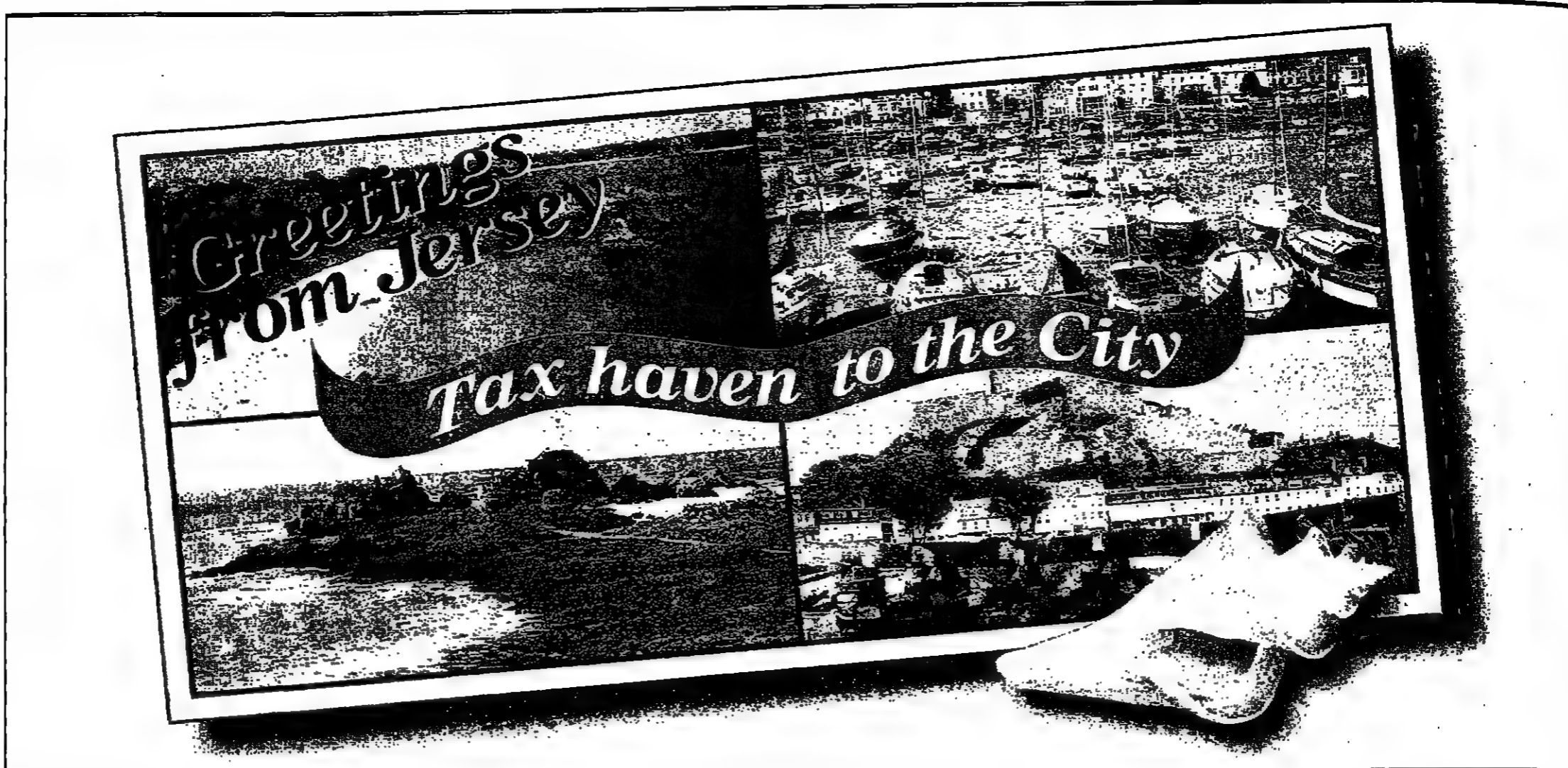
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Finance Guardian

When bonuses are haven-sent

Everyone is avoiding tax, not just at Morgan Grenfell, Paul Murphy writes. Below, Ian Traynor in Bonn reports on Germany's national sport

PHOTOMONTAGE: LIZ COULDWELL and STEVE VILLERS



PICTURE the scene: your first day at the office of your new City employers. You are introduced to your new colleagues — instantly forgetting half their names — and to the coffee machine, and shown your desk. Then there is the security pass to sort out, followed by a trip to the personnel department. There you get a pep talk on the firm's approach to the problem of sexual harassment, there are pension forms to fill in — and, oh, here are the details for your new offshore bank account.

"We prefer Jersey. It's efficient and discreet. But don't mislead the thing, old boy." Fantastic? Well, suspend your disbelief, for this is the sort of thing that happens if you take up a senior position at that venerable City institution, Deutsche Morgan Grenfell.

Investigators probing possible irregularities in dealings by the investment bank's suspended fund manager, Peter Young, were combing through a personal Jersey-based bank account held by Mr Young, when it turned out that it had been opened on the fund manager's behalf by Morgan Grenfell itself.

Mr Young's employer paid part of his annual bonus — guesses at which start at £300,000 — into this account in the form of shares in Morgan's parent, Germany's Deutsche Bank.

The account exists for "tax

and custodial" reasons — a phrase which produced blank looks in the Square Mile. And Jersey accounts seem to be all the rage at Morgan. A spokesman "couldn't say" how many of the bank's 3,000 employees in London have such arrangements. But he pointed out that the practice is "commonplace" among foreign-owned City institutions.

If it is — and there is plenty of circumstantial evidence to back up the claim — then the number of offshore accounts held by corporate financiers, fund managers and traders must run to tens of thousands.

Morgan declines to go into detail, but tax experts reckon the bank is simply running one of the numerous schemes for minimising employees' National Insurance contributions, levied at 10.2 per cent.

Any bonuses paid in the form of shares escape NI contributions, although income tax and any capital gains tax are still due, of course.

Bear in mind that City financial houses have paid out bonuses in excess of £1 billion over the past year, and the possible size of the hole in the Government's income starts to become apparent.

The City has always been at the cutting edge of tax avoidance, often providing a truly creative touch.

One senior corporate financier remembers the day 26 years ago that he joined London's most powerful investment house, SG Warburg, since taken over by Swiss

Bank. "I was allocated shares in a separate company. Just take the stock, and shut up. I was told."

It turned out the boys were running a vehicle which would participate in all the handy new issues and cash raisings going through the office. If a new flotation looked good, they'd bung a few in the pot.

"Sadly, it turned out that a similar scheme was being run at another bank. This attracted press comment and the decision was quickly made to close our scheme down. The company was liquidated and everyone got

paid. There were some very big cheques, depending on how long you had been in."

Such outrages are few and far between, nowadays — and they certainly do not exist at what is now called SBC Warburg. But along the way, there have been many headline-grabbing wholly-legal wheezes — mostly concentrated on avoiding National Insurance. Gold bar and unit trust schemes were famous before the Treasury stepped in four years ago and said any "tradeable asset" constituted "payment in kind."

Loopholes were quickly identified. Payments in diamonds, fine wines and oriental carpets were the most common, but the scams also spread to "exotic" commodities such as arsenic and platinum sponge, a powder used in motor exhausts.

The Inland Revenue and the Department of Social Security have been waging a war of attrition against such schemes — apparently, in vain. According to Michael Davey, chairman of tax consultants Croxtons, which originated many of the most famous schemes, the most modern approach to the subject means that all those easily-tradeable assets such as

precious metals can be used once more.

The ruse makes use of restrictive covenants in an employee's contract. If, say, he or she agrees to the common condition that on leaving a firm's employment they can not immediately set up in competition, the employee can be paid for this restriction. So long as the payment is not in cash, no National Insurance is due. Mr Davey is setting up such a scheme which uses payments in short-term gilts — as near to cash as you can get.

Mr Davey's clients tend to be small business people wanting to withdraw some cash from their firms. "If I took my schemes to the big boys in the City, I would get blown out of the water. They have their own ways of doing things," he says.

Not surprisingly, the big City firms do not discuss their particular approaches. But at least one big American firm is known to have set up a subsidiary company, into which bonus payments are pooled. Staff simply receive dividends from this subsidiary, avoiding NI.

Across the City as a whole, a larger and larger portion of any given bonus is being paid in the form of a parent company's shares. The benefit is twofold: the employer saves on NI contributions, and uses rules over the timing of share sales to lock in employees longer-term.

Merrill Lynch, the American institution which bought

London's biggest market making firm Smith New Court last year, has made a particular virtue of the approach — with the percentage of a bonus paid in stock, rising sharply as the size of an employee's bonus rises.

Many City firms hire their staff from all around the world, and there may be very good reasons why an executive who is "non-domiciled" in the UK uses a tax haven for his or her affairs.

It has also been suggested that banks might simply be pooling bonus payments offshore before distribution to staff in London in order to ease the administrative strain at the parent bank in Frankfurt.

DEUTSCHE'S big German rival, Dresdner, which owns London investment bank Kleinwort Benson, is known to take this offshore "pooling" approach. But bonuses are not transferred to offshore accounts held by individual executives — as appears to be the case at Morgan.

The mere mention of the words "offshore" and "tax avoidance" has steam coming out of the Labour Party's ears, of course. Gordon Brown, the shadow chancellor, fell out with the top accountancy firms earlier this year, accusing them of "padding lies" when advising clients on how to avoid a potential increase in tax rates

ahead of a new government. He even got one firm, KPMG, to cancel a series of seminars on the subject.

Yesterday, Alastair Darling, shadow chief treasury secretary, was promising all sorts of action. "Most ordinary people paying more tax than ever before would love to be able to open a bank account in an offshore tax haven. We are considering giving the Inland Revenue statutory powers to look behind the structures which have been created, to look at the legal form of these entities to see whether they have been simply designed to avoid tax rather than for legitimate business reasons," he said.

He acknowledged that there are many occasions when the use of offshore accounts is acceptable and legitimate, but added: "Institutional tax avoidance is a major problem, and not just for this country. If institutions continue to act in this way, international pressures will have to be brought to bear on offshore countries to stop the abuse."

According to Mr Davey at Croxtons, this threat is being taken seriously. He reports some clients deconstructing offshore trusts, bringing money back into Britain and taking the tax hit now — because they are worried that if they are forced to do so in future, the final bill will be much higher. Perhaps the Chancellor, Kenneth Clarke, can look forward to a pre-election boost to the Government's revenue.

The taxman cometh for quaking bankers

IN A Koblenz court in February, Peter Gelhardt, a 55-year-old businessman, was sentenced to three years nine months and fined DM1.3 million (\$565,000) for tax fraud to the tune of DM6.3 million over three years.

He got off lightly, the judge said, because he blew the whistle on how the big German banks systematically aid clients' tax evasion, mainly by organising transfers to Luxembourg.

In Gelhardt's case, it was Dresdner, the country's second-biggest commercial bank. He had deposited DM18 million with Dresdner in a numbered account in Luxembourg to avoid the Germany's 30 per cent tax on savings account interest.

Tax avoidance is a well-established national sport here and, say tax officials and investigators, this is because of the big banks' connivance. In the same month, dozens of tax investigators raided the Dresdner's headquarters in Frankfurt. A few days later 200 investigators turned up at branches of Commerzbank in Frankfurt and three other towns. A few months earlier, 100 raided Dresdner branches in Berlin. Last week, 600 sleuths entered the premises of West-LB in Düsseldorf.

When finance minister Theo Waigel introduced the 30 per cent tax in early 1992, it is estimated that DM300 billion in savings and investments left the country, most heading for Luxembourg, home to 70 German banks.

The bankers are raging. Hilmar Kopper, the powerful head of Deutsche Bank, likened the crackdown to police tactics against the left-wing terrorist Red Army Faction. Karl Heinz Wessel, chairman of the bankers' federation, charged that the investigators were operating outside the law.

But in North Rhine-Westphalia, the biggest of Germany's 16 states, the au-



Out of balance: Hilmar Kopper PHOTOGRAPH BY GRAHAM TURNER

thorities have engaged another 50 investigators to help their inquiries into four banks alleged to be involved in up to 11,000 tax-dodging cases.

The German taxation staff trade union says DM2 billion have bypassed the taxman with the banks' connivance in the past three years in North Rhine-Westphalia alone. Nationally the figure is put at DM12 billion.

According to Der Spiegel magazine, a taxable DM1 billion is in Dresdner accounts in Luxembourg. Hans-Juergen Kallmeyer, head of the tax union in North Rhine-Westphalia, says anyone wanting to deposit DM200,000 with a German bank is advised to transfer the money to a numbered account with the parent bank's Luxembourg

subsidiary. The authorities are being helped by disgruntled employees spilling the beans on the in-house practices and by confessions from frightened ordinary account-holders who tell investigators about the services offered by the banks.

But the tax-dodging now seems endemic, symbolised by a couple of high-profile scandals.

Last week, Peter Graf, father of the tennis champion, Steffi, went on trial on 11 counts of defrauding the German taxman of \$2.5 million. Just before that, Margarethe Schreinemakers, the Esther Bantzen of German television, broadcast live to defend her fiscal propriety against allegations of swindling millions and to attack Mr Waigel.

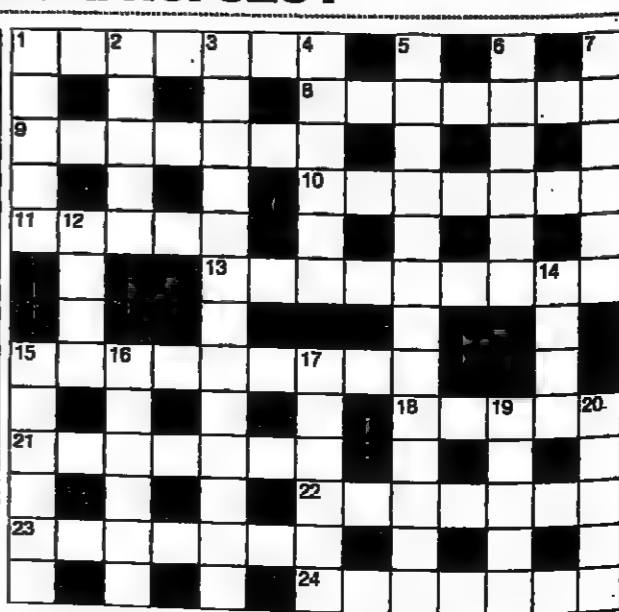
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HANDWORK
I A E O PAIR
FRANCE L E
Y O L K CLAY
S R STEER P C
PAUNCH ROCCO
A U S I R
RIDING KIDNAP
S I L I N D R E T Y S
P L U S A A D K
A P U N E X P I R E D
R O L L E O A E
T E F R O N T L I N E

Solution No. 8230

- Across
1 Cook (7)
2 Wearing away (of soil etc) (7)
3 Forceful and vigorous (7)
4 Character in Hamlet (7)
11 Fat (5)
13 Type of theatre (9)
15 Call for arrest of criminal (4,5)
16 Dough or adhesive (5)
21 Thin rain (7)
22 Mountain goat (7)
23 Baltic country (7)
24 Saddle-horse (9,4)

Down
1 Wireless (5)
2 Little weight (5)
3 Area between tropic and polar circles (9,4)



- 4 Get back (6)
5 Inner layer of oyster shell (6-2-5)
6 Island and bridge in Venice (6)
7 Incautious (6)
12,14 Red vegetable (8)
15 Without warning (6)
16 Type of drug (6)

17 Frozen covering of land area (3-3)
18 Track of an animal (5)
20 Try — to writel (6)
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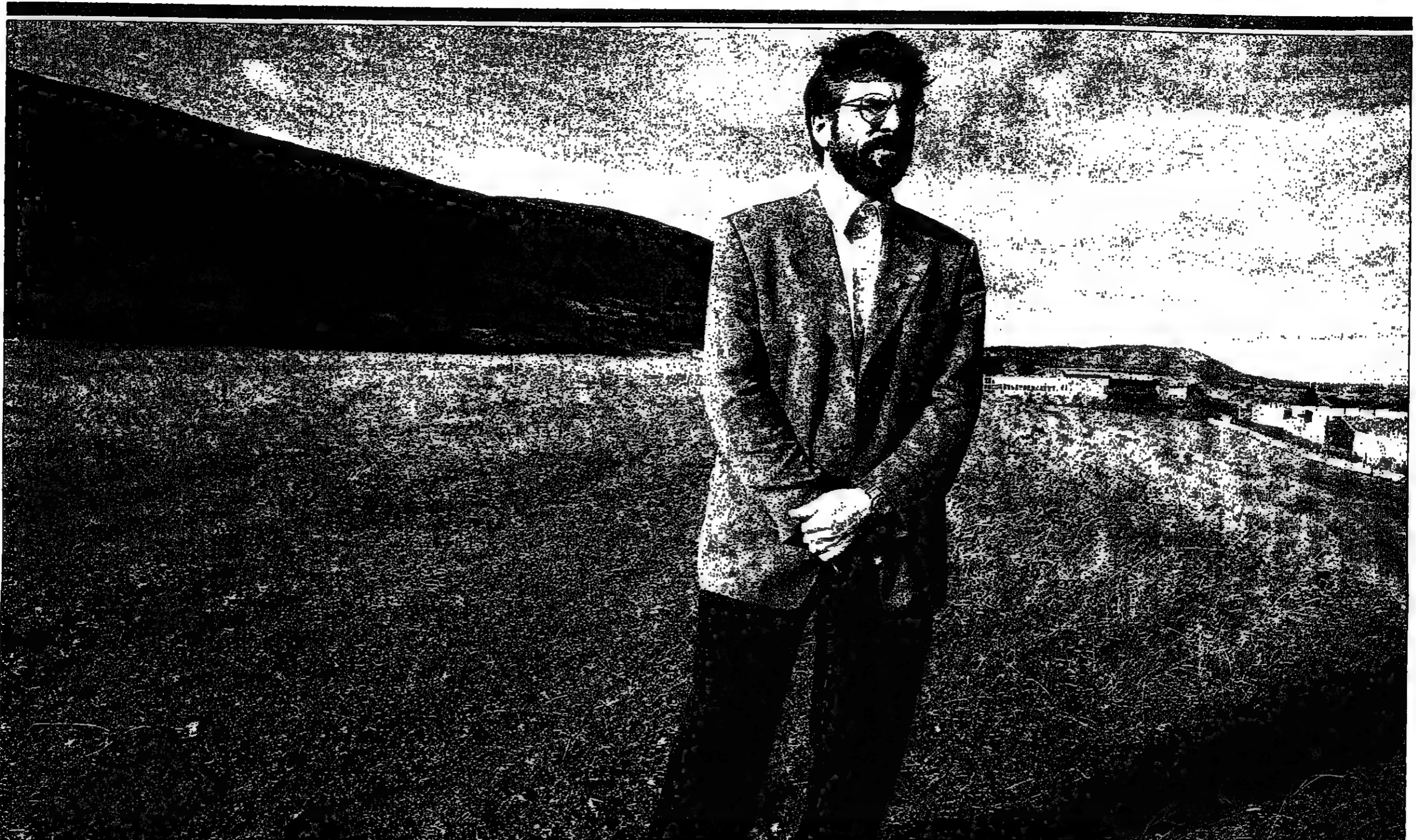
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The Guardian the week



PHOTOGRAPH BY SEAN SMITH

An IRA gunman takes aim at a British soldier. Gerry Adams imagines what it is like to be . . .

Shooting the enemy

For years his voice was banned from British television and radio. But now Gerry Adams has been voted in the United States and has achieved a kind of political respectability. He is shortly to publish his autobiography, *Before the Dawn*, as if he was a perfectly ordinary politician. But how will the President of Sinn Féin defend the IRA killings in which he claims not to have played a part? Here we print the strange passage from *Before the Dawn* where Adams, however briefly, confronts the morality of shooting British soldiers. He does it through a short story that imagines an IRA gunman killing a British officer: "It might or might not be right to kill, but sometimes it is necessary." In the second extract (far right), Adams is no longer imagining; he describes negotiating with Willie Whitelaw, then secretary of state for Northern Ireland, in secret talks in London

SEÁN, uncomfortable with squatting for so long in one position, eased himself carefully up on one knee and slowly rubbed his cramped limbs. Below him, back gardens were criss-crossed by fluttering, flapping, shirt and nappy-laden clothes-lines stretched between back-to-back houses. Seán, above the clothes-lines, hedges, coal-holes and back doors, had a clear, wide-angled view of the street. He could see 10, no, 12 houses on one side and 14 on the other side of the street. He could easily see the windows of number 36, where the blind was drawn on the front bedroom window. He reminded himself to check that blind every few seconds. No use getting lackadaisical. The kids in number 40 were late going to school; they must have slept in. He watched three youngsters dashing out of sight along the street. When, he mused, they got to the lamp post they would be 140 yards from where he was perched. His eyes searched and found the white rag tied, waist high, to the lamp post, then swung back to check the blind on number 36. It was still drawn. Other windows stared back blankly at him.

Number 36 seemed different. The drawn blind, like a dropped eyelid in the face of the house, was almost winking at him — one of those conspiratorial winks that seem to go on for a long time. All these homes could do with a new coat of paint, he decided. Especially that one, the red one with the cracked window. The sound of a motor-car brought him back to the street and to number 36. The blind was up. The window with its bright curtains glared glassily back at him. Forgetting the cramp in his legs, he checked the piece of wood which held open the slate, forming the slot through which he peered. Hurrying now, he eased a round into the breach of the heavy rifle which straddled his legs. He raised it up so that the muzzle nosed through his slated peep-hole. He squinted along the sight, zeroing in on the white rag which bandaged the lamp post and thumbed off the safety catch. One hundred and forty yards, give or take a few feet. He had checked it himself, scrambling over hedges and wire fences to pace out the distance. Beneath him, in the innards of the house, a door bell rang. Seconds later, a head appeared at the open trap-door.

"It's dark in here," a voice complained. "Where are you, Seán?" Seán didn't turn round. The transition from daylight to the gloom of the attic would have upset his vision. "I'm here," he muttered. "The car's below," said the voice, relieved at seeing Seán's dim shape wedged below the roof tiles against a heavy joist. "OK," Seán replied. "I won't be long." "I'll wait below," said the voice, but Seán's attention, now that the car had arrived and his run-back was clear, was riveted to the street before him. His heart pounded heavily against his ribs. The cramp in his legs had returned, and as he strove to exercise these distractions a quiet stillness seemed to settle on the deserted street. It was a feeling he would never get used to. The gardens, even the streets themselves, seemed to be holding their breath. Every time he got the same feeling. How many times was this? He smiled grimly to himself. Concentrate. Don't let your attention wander. That's the way to get yourself killed. Maybe that would be better than killing. He was surprised at the suddenness of the thought. He squinted again along the length of the rifle as he considered this question and his response to it. It was a question which had come into his head off and on during the last few months. Not about getting killed. He wasn't into getting killed. No way. If it happened it would be by choice. He surveyed the scene before and below him. Nothing had changed. Was it right to kill? No, he told himself, it wasn't right to kill. But there was no choice. Of course there was a choice. One forced him to do what he was doing. He could leave now. Leave? What good will it do, staying there? No one would know and no one could complain. He'd have done his best. He swung his attention back to the task before him. It might or might not be right to kill, but sometimes it was necessary. He considered that proposition. The people he was trying to kill were better armed, better equipped, better trained than he was. There were also more of them. And they would have no compunction about killing him. He settled himself back, pushing the doubts and imponderables out of

his consciousness. They should not be here, he reminded himself. It was his country, not theirs. They didn't belong. They were the enemy. They gave him no choice except to fight. And in fighting it was necessary to kill. He crouched now, blocking out thoughts of everything but what he was to do. Though he knew these other thoughts would return. Maybe it was good that they did. He could smell, or thought he could almost smell, the tension. They would certainly be able to sense his own fear. There would be scores of British soldiers. He tried not to think of that. He was well covered. Better not to worry. It was too late now anyway. It would not be long. The first to see the first of a patrol of green-uniformed soldiers. They moved cautiously forward on both sides of the street, covering one another, smuggling into their flak jackets and arching their rifles to point at the grey rickety houses which mutely and sullenly surrounded them. The leading soldier was walking by number 36. Seán studied him with a vague disinterest and waited. A second soldier appeared, an officer. Seán gently nuzzled the rifle-but against his cheek. The officer edged his way forward and then stopped, outside number 36. "Move on," hissed Seán, "move on." A half-panic started to flutter in his stomach. He breathed in as the officer reached the lamp post, and held his breath as his finger tightened on the trigger. First pressure. He let his breath out almost in a sigh and whispered "Second pressure". The heavy flat thud of the rifle exploded his words, sending a black and white cat scampering from the garden and startlings from the dustbin. Seán prised the piece of wood from between the slates, and closed his eyes as the lowered slate shut out the daylight and returned the attic to its usual gloominess. He scrambled from his perch. The car whisked him away. The houses remained silent and undisturbed. Against the solitary lamp post the white rag cushioned the pale staring face of the officer. His patrol, scattered into gardens, lay hugging the ground. The British officer's expression, staring unseeing at the clear Irish sky, was curious, surprised.

In 1972 the British held secret negotiations with the Republicans

Meeting the enemy

WHEN they shouted for me to go, I thought it was someone winding me up. I didn't want to go, and I didn't want to leave my comrades. Reluctantly and gingerly I stepped out of Long Kesh. Dolours and Marion Price, two young republicans, were waiting for me. They drove me down to Andersonstown where I met with Francie McGuigan and learned the reason for my release: talks were scheduled to take place with the British and I was to take part in them. On June 20 in a large country house outside the city, Dáithí Ó Conaill and I had a meeting with two senior British officials, Philip Woodfield and Frank Steele. A number of things had happened just before, which were confirmed at that meeting. The prisoners in Belfast prison, a major concern for republicans outside, were to be given political status or, as the British termed it, "special category status", as part of the effort to create a climate for talks between republicans and the British government. Dáithí and I arranged what transpired to be acceptable conditions for both the British and the IRA leaderships. Our position was that a meeting between a republican delegation and the British would take place a certain number of days after the IRA had ceased operations. On June 22 the IRA announced its ceasefire, effective from midnight June 28. Talks would go ahead in London on July 7. During the intervening days I and other Sinn Féin activists

worked to generate a political presence in Belfast. Now that we were no longer compelled to be covert, we wanted to move quickly to set up an office and engage in open political work. Just as the truce came into effect, the loyalists stepped up their assassination campaign, giving deadly expression to the verbal incitements of Craig and Paisley, who had both warned that unionists would have to take the law into their own hands "to execute vengeance" and "take action against the republican community." It had been agreed that during the truce the IRA would carry weapons, but they wouldn't go outside their own areas, and the British army wouldn't go into those same areas. Some of the local units got a Land Rover, painted IRA on the side and began to patrol West Belfast. WHEN it came to the talks in London, I consciously dressed down for the occasion. I couldn't have dressed up anyway, but there was a hole in my pullover, and I was aware of it. In my juvenile arrogance and ignorance, I thought that was appropriate. We were taken by bus, accompanied by British officials and plainclothes men, one at least of whom was armed, as was Seán Mac Stiofáin and another of our group. On the way [to the airport] we were held up by a herd of cattle, and it occurred to me rather wryly that the best laid plans of government spooks could founder in the face of a herd of cattle and a farmer who wasn't going to be hurried by anybody. We landed at Benson page 14

the week that was

Us on us

The British view

What's the story about the bust-up between Liam and Noel Gallagher? Will they break up? Definitely, maybe! The titles of their two albums turn out to be appropriate in the present crisis.

Manchester Evening News

What is it that brings out the cringe-factor among us heterosexuals when learning of the adoption, or surrogacy, of a child by homosexual parents? The most recent case concerns two Edinburgh-based men, Baby X might have a wonderful life ahead, wanting for nothing, not even loving parents. Yet the cringe-factor remains! Whatever happened to the love, passion and romance of conception? Is it replaced by test tubes, syringes and fat wallets?

The Evening News, Glasgow

Them on them

The global view

Listen to the radio, talk to people on streets, and you'll find the random murder of the tourist last Saturday morning has touched by seediness, for generations a summer life-line for Sydneysiders. Now it appears stifled.

Sydney Morning Herald, on the murder of Brian Hugland

It's disgraceful and obnoxious to reduce women, or even men for that matter, to mere physical entities measuring and sizing them at the flag end of the twentieth century. We will organise massive

public protests all over the state which will be strong enough to stop the event.

Petition filed in protest at the Miss World competition scheduled to be held in New Delhi

The global view

This time the municipal pality has gone too far. It has taken photographs of people in positions that do not permit pictures to be taken.

Sydney Morning Herald, on the exposure of matters that should never be publicly disclosed. Besides, it approaches the vileness and cheapness of spying, an activity sanctioned by no divine principle.

Israel's Jerusalem Times on the installation of surveillance cameras in public lavatories



The Swiss, differs from other such conditions in that it is perfectly rational. None of this week's reports of the Nazi gold business was restrained by any worry about offending the Swiss.

There are probably as many holes as there are in Emmenhal in the argument that the Swiss are greedy, rude, parsimonious and arrogant who would have been Nazis during the second world war if it hadn't been for their neutral status. Yet we prefer to wish a plague on all their chalets.

It's not just the gnomes of Zurich clinging on to £3.9 billion of looted Nazi gold until Mr A Hitler gets in his pin number. It's their fondness, their foul-tempered drivers, their harbouring of all the world's corrupt organisations in Geneva, their indecisiveness over

language, their cuckoo clocks, their effeminate Latin official name (Confederatio Helvetica) and their watches — what a load of old Rolexes.

Ah, yes, but what of the Swiss sense of humour? Astonishingly, there really is such a thing. An in-depth inquiry this week revealed that there are four Swiss jokes. The least baffling of these is as follows: An American, a German, a French and a Swiss discuss where babies come from. The American says: "They are produced by computers." The German: "The stork brings the babies." The French: "A man and a woman make love with each other." The Swiss says: "It is different in every canton."

The other three jokes all concern Mr Adolf Ogi, a former Swiss president.

Here is the funniest. Albert Einstein, Anne-Sophie Mutter, Pablo Picasso and Adolf Ogi die and go to heaven. St Peter requests identification.

Einstein says: "I have no ID, but I can explain the equivalence of matter and energy." He gives an eloquent explanation of his theory. "Only Einstein himself could explain this so well," says St Peter. "Step right in, professor."

Mutter and Picasso play the violin and paint. Ogi steps forward: "How can I prove who I am?" "Well," says St Peter. "Einstein discussed his theories. Mutter played the violin. Picasso painted." "Who are Einstein, Mutter and Picasso?" asks Ogi. St Peter says: "Mr Councilor, go right in." How we laughed.

Jonathan Margolis

was certainly responsible for its rejuvenation.

Jock Gallagher, head of BBC Radio Pebble Mill 1970-1980. He was responsible for hiring both Smethurst and Whitburn.



1. Stuffed peppers and mushroom soups. Whose recommendation for a wholesome family meal? (a) Della Smith (b) Gwyneth Paltrow (c) Cherie Blair
2. Whose fear of heights caused an emergency landing at Lyon airport? (a) East of Harnaia (b) South of Gustarmla (c) West of Slovania (d) North of Maccelesfield
3. Who called Clint Eastwood a "double crossover"? (a) Liana Gallagher (b) Miancorna (c) Catherine Cookson
4. Which multi-million seller recorded My Way? (a) Sondra Locke (b) Sharon Stone (c) Gwyneth Paltrow
5. Who called Clint Eastwood a "double crossover"? (a) Sondra Locke (b) Sharon Stone (c) Gwyneth Paltrow
6. Unemployed for more than a year, he got a job with a salary of £300,000. Who? (a) Jane Austen (b) Emma Nicholson (c) Emma Thompson
7. What has this object got to do with? (a) Norman Foster
8. Who missed the premiere of Emmat? (a) Jane Austen (b) Emma Nicholson (c) Emma Thompson
9. One lost her husband; the other lost her ink. Who are they?
10. Who was angry at being excluded from the classical music charts? (a) Berlin Philharmonic (b) Jarvis Cocker (c) Marianne Faithfull
11. Who claimed John Major had flirted with her? (a) Emma Woodhouse (b) Emma Nicholson (c) Emma Thompson
12. Who won the Mercury music prize? (a) Pulp (b) Ash (c) Garbage
13. Which part of the rail network was floated on the Stock Exchange?
14. Which former Archbishop was "outed"?
15. Who was tipped to be the new head of the AAT? (a) Jeremy Irons (b) Damon Hill (c) Stephen Norris

This week last year

September 12 1995

This week's catfights between Tony Blair's New Labour party and the unions at the TUC conference were nothing new. Exactly a year ago, Blair's performance before the brothers and sisters in Brighton was thrown into confusion by the leaking to the Guardian of an internal strategy document setting out New Labour's secret agenda.

Written earlier in the year by Phillip Gould, Blair's strategy consultant, with Peter Mandelson's collaboration, "The Unfinished Revolution" claimed Labour was "not ready for government". The party lacked the centralised top-down leadership, unified ideology and Thatcher-style "political project" to win the next election.

What was needed was a "unitary command structure" under the leader and



Campbell... claimed memo had been altered

Twelve months on from the changes foreshadowed in the Gould memorandum have indeed come to pass. Labour may not yet quite be an "integrated political party" or have a "political project" that matches the Thatcher agenda of 1978. But it certainly does now have a "unitary command structure" leading to the party leader.

Every statement by a shadow cabinet member is

now written by or cleared with, the leader's office. Power has meanwhile been rapidly drained from the party conference and national executive. Moves towards reducing and finally breaking the trade union link, recommended in the memo, are accelerating, as the events of the past few days have dramatically shown.

Could also called for a new structure, a new culture and a new building. Within weeks of the publication of his memo, Labour began the transfer of its headquarters from Walworth Road to the Millbank Tower.

The Tories are now anxious to raise a spectre of Labour's unfitness on the back of the Scottish referendum and strike curbs of the last few weeks. But few, among either Blair's enemies or friends, would doubt his single-minded determination to impose his own agenda.

Seamus Milne



Has the everyday story of country folk lost its way?

Vanessa Whitburn has showed by its tall and thrown it into the 20th century. Our listening figures are climbing, so we must be doing the right thing.

Heddi Niklans, who has played Kathy Perks for 12 years.

"I don't listen to the Archers anymore. Bill Smethurst was one of the best things that happened to the programme and he

The majority of story lines combine realistic country life with the modern morals of the 1990s. Living in the country is not just about Women's Institute meetings and playing cricket. Patrick Fool, a listener for over 20 years and a member of Archers Addicts.

Ambridge is the only village in England where they have banned fox-hunting because the current editor does not like it. And where Hindu lawyers are attacked by neo-Nazi thugs. Those things are not yet typical of life in the English countryside. It has been turned into a fantasy of politically correct urban England.

William Smethurst, author of The Archers: The True Story and producer of the programme, 1978-1986.

Meeting the enemy

page 19RAF airport in Oxfordshire and were then transferred to two limousines. At Henley-on-Thames we stopped: Seamus Twomey wanted to go to the toilet and was away for what seemed to be a very long time, causing frantic consternation among our minders. Eventually Seamus stroled back, totally at ease, remarking on how pleasant the place was.

We arrived at 88 Chayne Walk, Chelsea, the home of Paul Channon, and entered quite a large house. I went into the bathroom, which was very untidy with sheets in the bath, and I wondered whether the owner hadn't been given much notice. Whitelaw arrived late, and there seemed to be an effort to have the meeting proceed without him, but our side wouldn't have that. When he came in he struck me as flustered and flustered; his hand was quite sweaty.

The two delegations were a considerable study in contrasts. William Whitelaw, "His Majesty's Secretary of State for Northern Ireland" was a Scottish landowner; Paul Channon, a millionaire Guinness heir, was minister of state at the Northern Ireland Office; they were accompanied by the civil servants Frank Steele and Philip Woodfield. On our side were Sean Mac Stiofain, the ex-RAF republican; Dáithí Ó Conaill, a teacher; Seamus Twomey, a bookies' runner; Martin McGuinness, a butcher's assistant; Ivor Bell, a plasterer's labourer; and myself. We also had as notetaker Myles Shevlin, a solicitor.

There was a formal exchange of documents and views. Whitelaw opened by announcing "I hope that the trust set between us is reinforced by this meeting. I record that the histories of our two countries give the Irish grounds for suspicion. I hope that in me you will see a British minister you can trust."

In the course of our meeting Sean Mac Stiofain led the presentation of the republican position. He read a prepared statement outlining our demands for Irish self-determination; a public declaration by the British government of the right of all the people of Ireland acting as a unit to decide the future of Ireland; a declaration of intent to withdraw British forces from Irish soil by January 1, 1978; pending this, the immediate withdrawal of British forces from sensitive areas; a general amnesty for all political prisoners in both countries, for internees and detainees, and for people on the wanted list.

It was inevitable that there would be a certain amount of tension in the course of our discussions, and there were two small eruptions. In one Seamus Twomey, making a point with characteristic forcefulness, shouted and thumped the table. The other came when Whitelaw remarked ridiculously that British troops would never open fire on unarmed civilians. Martin McGuinness laid into him strongly about the killings on Bloody Sunday.

PLAYED very little part in the meeting myself, but when they were arranging for the second meeting, I asked that we adjourn. We went into another room to discuss matters amongst ourselves.

"Jesus, we have it!" said Sean Mac Stiofain. But that was the complete opposite to what I thought. I argued that we should insist on less time before the next meeting.

Following our adjournment agreement was arrived at regarding the timing. The Brits said that they'd consider and meet again in a week. Meanwhile, it was agreed that the IRA and British army would both have the freedom of the streets and the IRA could bear arms — openly displaying them in Republican areas only.

Whitelaw was stressing the need to keep our discussions private, and he said that if news of our meeting got out, "All bets are off". Responding to his arrogance, I responded curtly, "That means all bets are off, then."

The meeting had been, I felt, part of the British government's exploratory approach. They had shown no sign of conceding republican demands, and I took a fairly absolutist position regarding these matters. I was conscious of the historical nature of the negotiations. We were in a direct line of descent from the Republicans of 1920 — the last time such discussions had occurred — but they had represented a revolutionary government with massive support. A lot had changed since then.

Two days after the London discussions, the truce was breaking down. The IRA was mounting attacks on nationalist areas, and the RUC were assisting in intimidation, while the British army stood by, chatting with the loyalist paramilitaries. Catholic families, intimidated out of their homes in mixed and Protestant areas, were streaming into nationalist enclaves, some of them escaping across the border.

When the truce started to break down, the British seemed to be content. Rather than coming back to us on the political points of our discussion concerning self-determination and British withdrawal, to which they would presumably be saying no, they preferred that the truce should break down than



Lawmen: Willie Whitelaw visits British troops stationed in Northern Ireland; Gerry Adams long before he became an outlaw



for republicans to be able to stand on the high moral ground. I was at a wedding when I heard that the truce had come to an end. It more or less crept up and took me unawares, and then I was off out of the house and on the run again.

FOR a short period my wife, Colette, and I were lucky enough to get the use of a flat outside West Belfast in the university area. It was difficult for me, living underground. Travelling would have been highly dangerous if the loyalists or British intelligence had got wind of my whereabouts.

When I called to a house in the Falls Road, my sixth sense told me that there was something amiss. Brendan Hughes arrived soon after me and mentioned that he had

noticed a suspicious car outside. When Tom Cahill came in, he, too, was concerned. Later, we learned that the people in the car were British military intelligence, and they had the entire area stalked out. The raid seemed very routine. A British patrol coming down the road stopped outside the house and one of the soldiers knocked at the door. Tom Cahill went to the front door while Brendan Hughes and I went to make our way out the back and along the entry. But when Brendan climbed on to the wall, he discovered that the back of the house was saturated with British troops. As we turned around we were confronted by a British soldier, heavily armed. He arrested both of us as his compatriots swarmed around the house.

We were taken to Castlereagh. There we were beaten fiercely. Periodically when the cell door opened I could hear the shouts and screams from where the others were. I'm sure similar sounds issued from my cell.

All of the people who beat me were in plain clothes, and at one point there were three of them in the cell. After the first initial flurry and my first fright at the frenzy of the assault, the beatings settled into a dogged routine, in which I was forced into the search position, palms against the wall, body at an acute angle, legs wide spread.

They tried to make me put only my fingertips against the wall but I resisted that, and those doing the beating stood behind and concentrated mostly on the kidney area and the sides of my stomach while also landing vicious kicks between

my legs. They beat me, I fell to the floor. They hung buckets of water over me to revive me, pulled me back up against the wall, beat me until I fell again. When I passed out, my clothes were pulled from me.

Hours later the beatings stopped suddenly, as quickly as they had begun. My main tormentor threw a last bucket of water over me and then pulled me into a squatting position in the corner of the cell.

"Well, Gerry, what was it you told Mr Whitelaw? All bets are off?" He smiled at me, placed the plastic bucket over my head and left.

These are edited extracts from Before the Dawn by Gerry Adams, published by William Heinemann on September 23 (£17.99). Copyright © Gerry Adams 1996

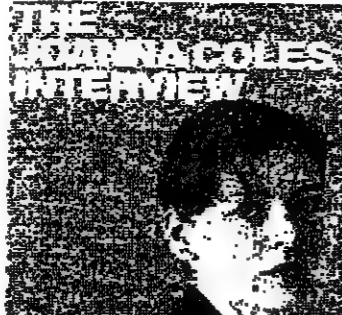
هكرامن الترحيل

He's worth £500... He's saved London... He's about to be... New Labour... Swamy Paul... the Lords' mod...

the poor shouldn't always be with us

A peer into the future

He's worth £500 million. He 'saved' London zoo. He's about to be the newest Labour peer. And Swarj Paul wants to see the Lords modernised



INTERVIEW

NEXT MONTH Swarj Paul will shrug on his ermine gown and swing into the House of Lords for the first time to take up his seat on the Labour benches. He is only the fourth Asian peer to do so in the Lords' 600-year history, but just who is this non-smoking, tea-total, vegetarian obsessed with modern technology? And why haven't we heard of him before?

You probably have done, though you may not have realised. He's the man who "saved" London Zoo. He also happens to own one of Britain's biggest private companies, Caparo, which produces steel. Started with a bank loan of £5,000, it is now worth £500 million. Not bad for a Punjabi immigrant who never intended to come to Britain in the first place.

He was supposed to be en route for New York, seeking medical treatment for Ambika, his youngest daughter, then aged three. But the day before he was due to leave Calcutta, his doctor drew him to one side. Ambika, the doctor confided, was so ill she would not last the journey. So Paul sought nearer treatment for her leukaemia, in Britain — and ended up staying 30 years. He still lives in the flat in which she died 20 months later. He couldn't bear to leave it.

We will come back to his daughter in a moment — it is impossible not to — but for now it is hectic conversations with the Crown Office to choose a place and gown. He was on a Baltic Cruise — only the second holiday of his entire 66-year-old life — when he got the news that Tony Blair, of whom he is a huge fan, had recommended him. It was fate, he remarks cheerfully, for he had just handed over Caparo's daily running to his twin elder sons and was looking for something else to do. "I am most relaxed when I am working you see. All my life my work has been 24 hours with me. I am not a holiday man."

But a self-confessed technology junkie and a shrewd businessman, doesn't he believe the Lords is in need of reform? "Oh it will have to modernise itself," he beams from across his tidy desk, at Caparo's HQ, in Baker Street. "You have to update." Good grief, does he mean dumping the ermine for e-mail? "Oh technology has nothing to do with electronics," he scolds. "I'm not talking about cellular phones here! Technology is mental. The real question is, and he leans forward conspiratorially, "how do you update yourself?"

I must look bewildered, because he raises a hand as if to explain. "I'll give you an example, every year at the end of December, I make a personal balance sheet of myself. What I have done right? What wrong? What lessons have I learned? And I make a projection of what I want to do for the following year." Hurray, I think to myself, this new age eccentric is just what's needed to shake up those crusty old Peers of the Realm. But I stay silent and nod wisely. "I was so sad when I saw that Conservative advertisement with the devil's eyes, because people like me who came from India, we have a love of British life because there's a sense of justice,

of fair play and decency in Britain, let's not part from that." Even though he ended up here by accident, Swarj Paul has the ability to make one feel proud of being British again. But has he, I wonder, come up against much prejudice here? "Not really," he shrugs. "You know anybody ethnic, an Englishman going to India or an Indian or American coming to England, you have to give 110 per cent, you have to. But 95 per cent of the British are very fair and completely non-racist. And that's a very high percentage to grumble about."

But what made him decide to stay here permanently? After all, he did have a business back in India, a family and impressive contacts. Not least Indra Gandhi, a good friend and then prime minister, who desperately tried to entice him back with the promise of a ministry or the post of Ambassador to Washington?

"I wanted to be where Ambika had died. She was cremated here. And I wanted to be in the flat, that's why I have never changed my place of residence." (He did, however, buy the entire block of flats in Portland Place, in the West End, near BBC Broadcasting House, and renamed it Ambika House.)

"I rented it because it was nearest to the hospital," he says. "And after she died, I told my brothers I couldn't concentrate on work for a while and I went into meditation." What kind? "Really you are finding peace with yourself, you read philosophy, you read anything which might console you. But then I found I couldn't really find salvation in that, so then I thought let me start some work, and if I start here, in Britain, from scratch, maybe that will occupy me more." I put it in to hear someone, especially a businessman, talk about grief and it is moving.

Shifting my position, I suddenly catch sight of the five-year-old Ambika staring solemnly out of the sole photo on her father's desk. Did she know she was dying? "I don't know," he murmurs sadly, "she was too young. But on the other hand..." I look down at my notepad, blinking, and momentarily unable to write. As I look up, I see that Paul himself is in tears and incapable of speaking. He produces a large white-tiled handkerchief and smiles bravely before putting it across his eyes. There is another brief silence. "Let's have some more coffee," he whispers hoarsely, and buzzes the intercom. "Can we have one more tea for my guest and a half a cup of tea for me with nothing in it. I'll come back in 10 minutes." He sighs, I mumble an embarrassed apology. "Oh it's not your fault," he offers quietly.

"So when do you actually go to the Lords then?" I ask, lobbing the first question that comes to mind. "The 12th November," he says slowly. And what about your robes, I hurry on, who designs them? "I don't know Joanna," he says, and for once, the use of the name is not irritating. "But as a person who believes in these things, I will tell you about Destiny. Yesterday they gave me my date, 12th November. I couldn't have asked for a better date. You see the 12th



Swarj Paul... 'I was so sad when I saw that Conservative advertisement with the devil's eyes. People like me have a love of British fair play' PHOTOGRAPH: EAMONN McCABE

November is her birthday." Our refill arrives and we fall back to talking about Britain's ethnic communities. According to a recent HMSO report, Asians remain the most insular and are least likely to assimilate. Does this worry him? "You see these reports are trying to hasten the process," he smiles, shaking his head. "It is childish to hasten these things. Why do we want it faster? Twenty-five years is nothing in the history of a country, but it is a long time in the history of one person. Positive discrimination is as bad as negative discrimination."

When Mrs Gandhi was alive, Paul was "treated as her younger brother" and would go back to India every two months. Now he goes back twice a year to visit family, accompanied by his wife of 40 years, Aruna. His four children, three boys (educated at Harrow) his surviving daughter, and six grandchildren, all live in Britain and see each other regularly.

'Each year I make a personal balance sheet. What I have done right? What wrong?'

man. I started by borrowing £5,000. I bought my first car, a second-hand Austin in 1976." Yes, but he also had a supportive family, and a degree from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Few immigrants arrive with either. "Look, I have gone through this process, and I always tell our Asian community we are living here and we are British. If there is any right of mine it is as a Briton, not as an Asian."

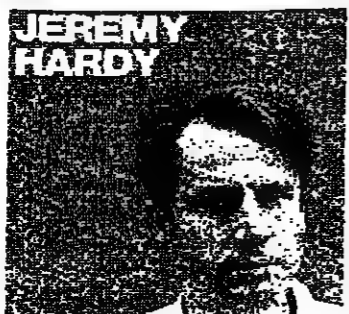
And does he find the Asian community agrees with him? "Ah, not necessarily," he chuckles, "but then it's my job to make them aware of another view."

When Mrs Gandhi was alive, Paul was "treated as her younger brother" and would go back to India every two months. Now he goes back twice a year to visit family, accompanied by his wife of 40 years, Aruna. His four children, three boys (educated at Harrow) his surviving daughter, and six grandchildren, all live in Britain and see each other regularly.

His family and Ambika's death even appear on his professional CV and in a booklet celebrating Caparo's first 25 years. So what on earth does he make of Britain's notorious divorce rate? "I feel very sad. When I look back I couldn't have achieved what I have — if I have achieved anything — without a very strong support from my wife and children. You have always ups and downs and that is where, to be able to walk into the house and have somebody believe you, even if you have committed a murder, is of great consolation and strength."

"People make judgments much too fast. You need time for reflection, you have to look at the good as well as the bad parts. And I do believe in fate. This daughter of mine, I wanted to build something as a memorial for her. I had bought the flat and named the block after her, but I wanted something which would create a name for her."

"Then one day I hear on the television that the zoo is likely to close. So I shot off a letter, saying 'Look if I can help, I will.' You see, when she was out of the hospital the zoo was the nearest place we used to take her, she was most happy at the zoo."



The poor shouldn't always be with us

JEREMY HARDY

WITH all the excitement about the unions deciding on a figure for the minimum wage, we have lost sight of something rather important: it is terribly low.

Nonetheless, right on cue, the enemy warned of massive unemployment among black people when the subject of apartheid and sanctions was raised. Perhaps the Government's lack of interest in finding a peaceful solution in Northern Ireland relates to the

enormous number of jobs generated by the Troubles.

New Labour, still convinced of the possibility of a social market economy, seeks to convince capitalists that a contented workforce is a productive one. But if employers are to be allowed to profit by paying everyone properly they would already be doing it. It is in the best interests of capital that it should be allowed to exploit, corrupt, deprave, pollute, poison, defraud and cheat as much as possible. Health and safety laws, environmental protection, consumer rights and minimum wages are all a threat to profit. Hence producers claim that all these things will lead to job losses. When Ofgas tried to limit prices, a hostage crisis developed: "Back off or the workforce gets it!"

I suggest that the only time the business community has been genuinely sorry to have to let staff go was after the abolition of slavery. And I've seen Gone With The Wind, so I know some slave owners were genuinely fond of their pos-

sessions. They just never felt the need to pay them anything, not even the Confederate equivalent of £4.25 per hour. Of course, the end of slavery caused massive unemployment among African Americans, and still does. I dare say that a serious, well-argued case for the re-introduction of slavery is being made by some of Bill Clinton's advisers.

Now, it might be said that there's a great difference between working for £4.25 per hour and working for nothing; but there isn't; there's exactly £4.25 worth of difference. No one who is arguing that the figure is too high would dream of accepting it themselves. They would not even be able to contemplate living on it. Gone are the days when Tory MPs used to claim that they could survive on supplementary benefit for a week, and then give up on the second day when they realised that the poor don't have private incomes as well. Of course, there are self-made men, those who start at the bottom,

kiss it, and work their way up. They tell us anyone can do it if they work hard. But the fact is that most people who work extremely hard for very little money never get anywhere. They just get by and they're too knackered and

to clean it. The poor will always be with us — unless we pay them properly. To call the badly-paid "poor" might be considered patronising, but poverty is relative. Someone earning £4.27 per hour might be entitled to argue that £4.26 is not too bad. For the CBI to argue that £4.26 is too much, is a bit rich — relatively, anyway.

For Labour politicians to think it's too much is unforgivable. Yes, there is a point of principle in arguing for a legal minimum, however low, and the figure will be arbitrary by definition. It could be argued that the formula for calculating the figure is less important than the symbolism of having one at all. A minimum wage could be seen as a minimum requirement among societies aspiring to be called civilised. Even if employers find ways of getting round the law, it is important that the law is there.

And in almost all countries with a minimum wage, employers do find ways of not paying it. The

fact is that most people who work extremely hard for very little money never get anywhere. They just get by

broke to do much else. And if even 1 per cent of them ended up in the boardroom, there wouldn't be enough share options to go round. And there's not much point having the key to the executive washroom if there's no one left behind

centre-left in Britain rather sheepily imagines that signing up to the European Social Charter is the answer to our problems, and ignores how employment legislation is flouted. Moreover, the loopholes in Euro-law are more exotic than any of the strictures about banana shape. In March, Labour and the unions were delighted by the EU directive on the 48-hour maximum working week which employers and government are fighting tooth and nail. Not until now has the Commission admitted that the loophole exempting doctors and lorry drivers needs to be looked at, as even they need to be rested and lucid at times.

But at least other countries have such legislation and our lack of it makes us pathetic by comparison. So, the fact that Blair has not yet scrapped Labour's commitment to some sort of pitifully low minimum wage is cause for rejoicing. But wouldn't it be nice if the figure was something on which people might be able to live?



The prince, the prelate and the pre-marital preamble

LORD RUNCIE'S ruminations about the royal family and the Church are full of fascinating insights into our country and the way we are run — not least the fact that an otherwise intelligent man, enunciating clearly into his biographer's tape recorder, imagines he is speaking off the record.

The saddest scene I felt, was the time when Prince Charles came for a confidential chat shortly before his marriage. Runcie, who knew about Camilla Parker Bowles, formed the view that he did not really love Lady Di, and that the marriage had been arranged. This proves again what we already knew, which is that the Windsors are as obsessed by good publicity and manipulating the press as any cabinet minister or soft drink maker.

But I did feel sorry for Charles. The pre-nuptial chat with the cleric is a difficult time for any groom. When I went to see the charming vicar who married us, I anticipated some embarrassment, and had memorised various mollifying answers to "The Church is for life, not just for Christmas" line of argument.

After a while, he leaned forward earnestly and coughed. "Now,

Simon, would you mind if I ask you a very personal question?" I braced my brain cells. "Are you by chance related to Simon Foggart, the famous harpsichord player?" I suppose he meant Christopher Hogwood.

MEANWHILE Charles has condemned most holiday architecture as "uglification" and says we should instead stay in sympathetically converted mills, hospitals, monasteries etc. In a perfect world, this would be a splendid idea, though quite why we need lectures on where to stay from a man who already has holiday hideaways at Sandringham and Balmoral, I don't know.

Have you noticed how these crises only occur when the working class gets their hands on the good things of life? TV became a menace as soon as every home could afford one. Everyone loved motor cars — when only the middle classes owned them. Now that even some poorly-paid people can holiday abroad, travel is suddenly a monstrous threat to the well-being of our planet.

And I doubt very much that there are enough disused monasteries on the Costa Brava to meet the demand.

WE seem to hate the Swiss even more than the Germans, as the present furor over Nazi gold shows. You'd imagine from the tone that they'd built an attachment into the Swiss Army knife for pulling gold out of concentration

You'd imagine they'd built a Swiss Army knife attachment for pulling gold out of camp victims' teeth

camp victims' teeth. Now it's true that Switzerland is an anally retentive country. There is an apartment block in Zurich where men are required to sit down to urinate after 10 pm (it's quieter) and, while visiting friends near Geneva, we were once asked to re-park our car because their neighbours thought it was at an unsightly angle to the kerb.

But I suspect the real reason we rage at the Swiss is because they seem perfectly happy to be every-

thing we are not quiet, unbellicose, neat, self-confident and successful. No, I wouldn't much want to live there, but your average Swiss could not stand living here.

MY AMSTRAD word processor almost died this week. Only a fellow Amstrad owner can tell you how bleak a moment that was I bought it on the recommendation of my then colleague Robert Harris, who had already written three books on his, and who went on to produce Fatherland and Enigma. It cost £900 and he asked why anyone would want to pay three times as much for a machine which was no more useful to a writer.

I've turned out three books on mine, plus innumerable articles, letters and even laundry lists. It's so slow you can make a cup of tea while it's saving a file, and I like that very much. Two years ago I thought it was sick unto death, but a Chinese expert in our local computer store breathed it magically back to life.

Now I have a fancy new laptop, which has gone wrong as often in two months as the Amstrad did in seven years. We Amstrad-lovers are like Morris Minor owners: we know they are technologically redundant, but we'll do almost any-

thing to keep them on the road. The other day, after an hour of cajoling and pleading of prayer and offering chicken soup through the air vents, it finally coughed and spluttered into life. I was overjoyed. Still, I would give it away, if I could find a home where it would be loved and cherished. But I fear that even Albanian schoolchildren would scorn an Amstrad.

THE publishers of Loaded, the magazine for football boogymen who can read, have produced another, a sort of good eating and drinking magazine for jobs. It's called, puzzlingly, Eat Soup.

It even has a long directory at the back, rather like the Michelin Guide, including curry houses, greasy spoons, pubs selling extra-strong lager, and so on.

I shall keep mine in the car, to make absolutely certain that I never need enter any hostility where there is the faintest chance of running into Liam Gallagher and Patsy Kensit.

THANKS for your letters about new phrases, to which I shall return. Meanwhile, does anyone know when "sorted out" became "sorted", even among the bourgeoisie?

WE ARE only nine weeks away from the 100th anniversary of the birth of Oswald Mosley. Who, wonder, apart from the little band of Fascist devotees which meets in his honour every year, will celebrate that? The only planned occasion I know of is a Channel 4 serial which, according to a wave of stories earlier this year, will try to demonstrate he was not a true anti-Semite. The fascist leader's son, the novelist Nicholas Mosley, attempted earlier this year to draw a distinction between Mosley the anti-semitic politician, and Mosley the private man, who showed no sign of disliking Jews. People bludgeoned by his thugs might have found such distinctions elusive.

Nicholas Mosley has published two books on his father's life, the first of which I have just discovered. Called The Rules Of The Game, it covers the period from Mosley's birth to 1933, before his career as Blackshirt leader began. That the core of his political creed was evil one knew already. But what this book abundantly demonstrates is the wickedness of his personal life, and especially his treatment of his first wife Cimmie, which some believed accounted for her death at the age of 34. The worm in the bud was detectable quite early. "We have made the acquaintance of the most brilliant man in the House of Commons," Beatrice Webb wrote of the 27-year-old Mosley. "So much perfection argues rotteness somewhere."

I won't tell you again

The case of a boy aged 12 has reopened the smacking debate. In an exchange of letters, Peter Newell of the anti-smacking campaign, Epoch, beats it out with psychologist Richard Lynn



ILLUSTRATION: STEVE CAPLIN

Dear Richard,

I WAS delighted to read that you had become patron of an organisation called Families for Discipline (how quaintly British it is to have an organisation dedicated to the defence of hitting children). I expect you will have read the press coverage of the application to the European Commission of Human Rights by a 12-year-old boy and his natural father.

I gather you are a strong supporter of violent and humiliating punishment by parents, particularly for what you have referred to as "children born into the underclass". So I am very interested to hear your reaction to this application.

The undisputed facts are that this young boy was repeatedly caned by his stepfather, causing wails. The application is against the UK government, not the stepfather, and claims that the punishment breached the European Convention on Human Rights which bars "inhuman or degrading treatment or punishment".

UK law and UK courts failed the boy, because, as the judge put it, "it was a perfectly good defence that the alleged assault was merely the correcting of a child by its parent, in this case the stepfather, provided the correction be moderate in the manner, the impact and the quantity of it".

The jury acquitted the stepfather. Had the stepfather punished an adult in this way, he would have been guilty of actual or grievous bodily harm. But children are unprotected because of the common law right of "reasonable chastisement" rooted in 19th century cases about "correcting what is evil in the child".

To me, it seems strange that children should have to wait until last for a form of protection that the rest of us take for granted. Hopefully, this decision by the European Commission will speed up long-overdue reform.

Best wishes,
Peter Newell

PS. A few years ago I saw a cutting suggesting that another organisation was trying to get off

the ground in Scotland — Parents' Rights of Discipline giving it the appropriate acronym PROD. Maybe they would like you as patron too?

Dear Peter,

THE essence of the difference between us appears to be that you believe that parents should not be permitted to use physical punishment to discipline their children whereas I consider that this right should be retained.

One of the major problems for parents in rearing their children is to teach them how to behave in socially acceptable ways and to refrain from anti-social acts. Parents tackle this task in a variety of ways, such as explanation, approval, disapproval and the punishment of unacceptable behaviour. Surveys have shown that about 90 per cent of English parents administer slaps to their children from time to time. Very likely much of this slapping is unnecessary. Nevertheless, I contend that there is a significant proportion of children who cannot be socialised by verbal disapproval and non-physical punishment alone.

Physical punishment is the only thing they understand. For most of these children, an occasional mild slap is sufficient to eliminate the unacceptable behaviour. However, this is ineffective for a small number of children. These are known as sociopaths, or as having anti-social personality disorders. The only way to control them is by a hard slap, or the use of a cane.

It appears that the child currently bringing the action in the European Court is a case of this kind. His mother has described him as "totally out of control"

since the age of two.

There is no doubt that for most children physical punishment is effective in eliminating unacceptable behaviour. It works because it instils fear. This is partly a process of conditioning through which the punished behaviour is associated with fear and consequently suppressed.

I think it would be useful if you would give your view of whether physical punishment works and what alternatives you propose for controlling sociopathic children.

Yours,
Richard

with fear, hard slaps and caning for them too?

You ask about "controlling" sociopathic children; first let's be clear that there is nothing wrong with physical actions to protect children and to prevent injury — but this debate is about causing pain and injury; 250 words doesn't allow a full description of alternatives, but I will remember to send you a selection of Epoch's information leaflets on positive discipline.

Yours,
Peter

Dear Peter,

YOUR vision of a future world of social order and civility inaugurated as a consequence of children no longer being punished defies credibility.

During the last half a century there has been a considerable reduction in the physical punishment of anti-social children. The birching of delinquents was abolished shortly after the end of the second world war and the caning of out-of-control children was abolished in maintained schools in 1986. Physical punishment in the home has also diminished. On your theory we should expect that crime and anti-social behaviour would have declined. On the contrary, they have increased. Recorded crime in Britain has risen tenfold since the late 1940s.

One of your misconceptions is that children should be accorded the same rights as adults. This is nonsense. Children are denied the rights to buy cigarettes and alcohol, to drive cars, and to have sex.

Children are also compelled to go to school. Likewise children need to receive a moral education from their parents and to accomplish this, parents have to explain and lay down moral rules and enforce them. Unhappily, this sometimes requires punishment and, in the last resort, this has to be physical.

If your campaign to make the physical punishment of children illegal is successful, the consequence will be a less civil and lawful society, for which you and your like will bear a heavy responsibility.

Yours,
Richard

THE PUBLICATION of a novel called Sap Rising, by A. A. Gill, has created an unusual problem for literary editors. What do you do with a book which by every account I have so far seen is totally worthless? Gill writes television and restaurant reviews for the Sunday Times. In the former he shows off at the expense of the programmes, in the latter at the expense of the places he eats in. It's apparently felt he's too big to ignore. But devoting an entire full-length review to a book like this, even if you're slating it, is not the right answer. It is very hard to get a novel reviewed unless you are famous, and space devoted to Gill is denied to writers who deserve it. Nor is any condemnation likely to make even the mildest dent in Gill's self-satisfaction. Narcissus will always enjoy the reflection in the pool, even when the pool is swimming with sewage. I recommend that books and magazines should institute a regular feature, made up of one-liners, called Books to Avoid.

High on Smallweed's own list of Books to Avoid is Bill Clinton's Between Hope and History (Random House, £15.99), a title with horrible echoes of Lyndon Johnson's My Hope for America, of which Norman Mailer wrote: "It is not even possible that it is the worst book ever written by any political leader anywhere." Johnson, he added, "uses words in interlocking aggregates which fence in thought like cattle."

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BY GARRY TRUDEAU

DEAN EVANS, I THINK YOU'VE FORGOTTEN THE WHOLE RATIONALE BEHIND TENURE — PROTECTING FREEDOM OF SPEECH!

OH, COME OFF IT — NO ONE LOSES THEIR JOB THESE DAYS BECAUSE OF WHAT THEY ADDUCATE IN THE CLASSROOM...

THAT'S LEFT OVER FROM MCCARTHYISM! TODAY YOU CAN SAY ANYTHING YOU WANT — ANYTHING!

SO I CAN CALL FOR A RETURN TO TENURE? EXCEPT THAT.

IT SEEMS curious when so much information that is clearly in the national interest where the Conservative Party is getting its money, for instance — is denied us, that we apparently have the right to inspect other people's wills. Some newspapers still print columns of wills for no apparent reason except that they've always done so. I suppose it is mildly interesting to discover that while the Hon Carpathia Bligh has left half her worldly goods, which were meagre, to a cat's home, Major General Baskerville Runt (I parody, but only a little) has spared just £100 out of an estate which runs to squillions for his parish church. But in any case, I thought the undisputed truth of the matter was this: when people leave modest estates, it often means nothing more than that they have better accountants than those who leave big ones.

SMALLWEED is grieved to learn that churches, despairing of finding organists, are turning to organs which play themselves. You simply tap in a number, and Oh God, Our Help In Ages Past comes thundering out of loudspeakers. Still worse, on some of these gadgets there is even a built-in choir. What is likely to happen in churches in the era of smart machines, like fridges that order your shopping (as threatened at the British Association) was too painful even to contemplate. No doubt by then the digital organ will preach the sermon, take the collection, and pour the coffee afterwards.

Organic mechanisation, too, will destroy those delicious moments when the priest and the organist have fallen into dispute and the organist gets his own back by starting to play a hymn tune before the priest has finished announcing it. Those who doubt the clout of a wronged musician are referred to the spectacular case of revenge in Hardy's poem, The Choirmaster's Burial, which was wonderfully set to music by Benjamin Britten.

High
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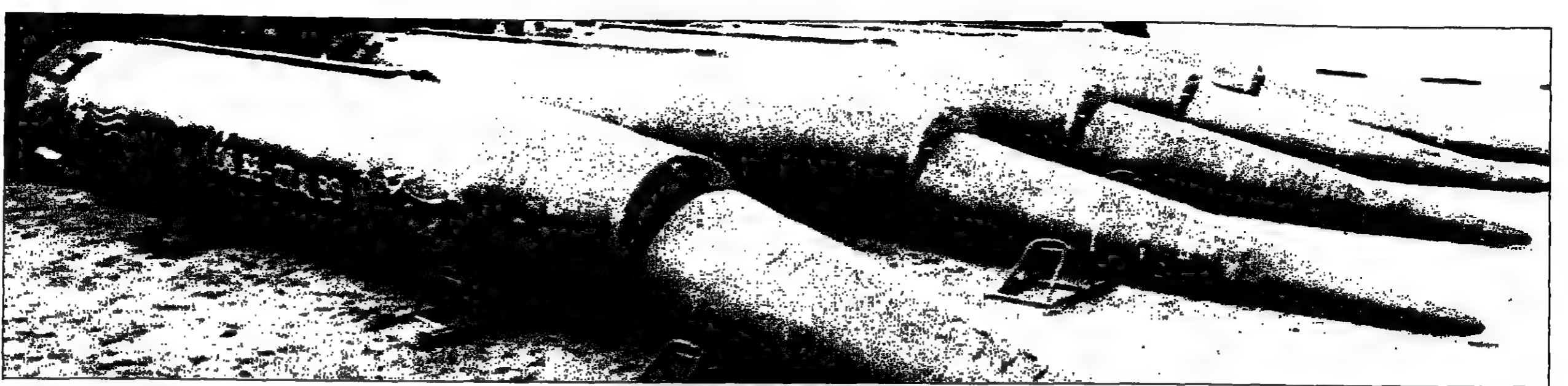
new Higgins

مكران النجیل

Peregrine Worsthorne used to believe in this . . .



Now he believes in this . . .



Why did he change his mind?

Was it Nixon? Thatcher? Morality? The old armchair cold warrior explains how he went off the Bomb

Sir Peregrine Worsthorne is an elder statesman of the Right. He was a central figure in Margaret Thatcher's revolution as former editor of the Sunday Telegraph. In the late eighties he vigorously supported opposing the Red Peril through nuclear deterrence. Now his views have changed. Here he looks back on his earlier faith in the Bomb and derides it as a monstrous — and potentially genocidal — folly



"IT TAKES a moral blindness that is beyond imagining to be directly responsible for the deaths of at least 30 million people," wrote Ian Buruma in a recent Spectator review of a new book on Mao Zedong. So indeed it does. But if that degree of killing is beyond imagining, how much more so is the scale of killing which some western leader would have been responsible for had he ever felt compelled to push the thermo-nuclear button?

During the cold war a willingness to press that button and, in effect, incinerate the human race was inherent in western defence policy. Had the Red Army, using only conventional weapons, attacked across a Nato border, the West was committed to respond with a nuclear strike.

That was official policy, known as Mutual Assured Destruction (MAD), mutual being a grotesque understatement since the destruction would have extended to the four corners of the earth.

In the event, of course, the thermo-nuclear deterrent worked. The Soviet Union never did attack a Nato country. But if it had not worked, and one or other of the American presidents had had to

press the button, in what light would subsequent generations — if there were any — have viewed that uniquely destructive act?

Would some historian, emerging centuries later from the post-thermonuclear war "dark ages", have judged it morally justified or so evil as to dwarf even the most monstrous iniquities of Hitler, Stalin and Mao Zedong? Nobody nowadays thinks of asking that question.

During the cold war, the policy of MAD prospered, so none dare call it evil. Armchair cold war warriors, like myself, of course, never did call it evil. At the very least we thought it the lesser of two evils, by far the greater being the extinction of individual freedom which would have been the consequence of Soviet communism's world domination.

Or so we vaguely, almost frivolously, allowed ourselves to think. Whereas CND said "better red than dead", we said, and felt proud to say, "better dead than red".

That an individual could proudly say — "give me liberty or give me death" — is more than understandable. But we armchair cold warriors in the West were saying more than this. We were saying that the whole human race, the greater part of which was neutral in the cold war,

should be put at risk to preserve western liberty. How could we have believed anything so preposterous?

The answer is that to begin with our leaders, the people who mattered, didn't. They only pretended to believe it so as to make the thermo-nuclear deterrent credible. Only if the Russians believed that the West would blow up the world in response to a conventional attack would they desist from making such an attack.

No moral problem here. Mutual Assured Destruction was all a bluff, so terrible in its nature that we were absolutely certain the Russians would never risk calling it. By this method of reassurance was Harold Macmillan able to sleep at night with an untroubled conscience. That is fine as far as it goes. But to be effective the bluff had to be credible and there was no way over the long haul of convincing the Russians that the West really was mad enough to blow up the human race without the West actually becoming so. So what started as a morally justified bluff eventually became something much more real.

The logic of species survival dictated that the ultimate weapon would never be used. Louis Halle always insisted, however, that there was one human characteristic which might make mankind defy the logic of species survival: ideological fanaticism. If one thermo-nuclear power, for example, saw the nominal issue between it and its opponent as being whether the ideas attributed to Karl Marx or those attributed to John Locke would rule the world, then the contest would indeed tend to be all-out, directed to an unlimited objective that required total victory.

In other words, nothing was more important in the nuclear age than for the superpowers to deny themselves the self-indulgence of believing in the myth that man is divided into two opposed and mutually irreconcilable species, the good and the wicked. The two species, Halle was fond of pointing out, might be the servants of God, identified with Christendom, and servants of Satan, identified with Islam; or they might be the virtuous proletarians and the wicked capitalists.

During the Nixon-Kissinger period, there was no question of either side denying the logic of species survival, since under Brezhnev the ideology was draining out of Soviet politics quite as fast, if not a lot faster, than it was draining out of American politics under Nixon. This did not mean that the cold war was over, but it had ceased to be between God and Satan; ceased, that is, to be about any issue likely to overcome inhibitions induced by mankind's instinct for survival.

These were the years of détente and peaceful existence. In theory we could have all been incinerated at any time. But most of us had stopped. Hearing the mushroom cloud. This was not because either side had renounced thermo-nuclear weapons but because both seemed to have renounced ideological absolutes.

Then, in the last decade of the cold war, when Ronald Reagan came to power in Washington and Margaret Thatcher in London, everything seemed to change. Their fingers really might have pushed that button.

This may have been partly due, in Mrs Thatcher's case, to a certain belligerence of character. But fundamentally, for both of them,

the reason was more ideological than personal, having little to do with love of war and a great deal to do with the extremity of their anti-communism or, if you prefer, with the intensity of their love of freedom.

Here I really do believe that the neo-conservative intellectuals of the New Right made a major and sinister contribution. They concocted a piece of casuistry — as I now see it to be — which gave ideology a new lease of life: restored it to a primacy which the experiences of the nuclear age had slowly but surely nibbled away.

I remember hearing it for the first time at a lunch in the American embassy in London when the guest of honour was Mrs Jean Kirkpatrick, then a very senior foreign policy adviser to President Reagan — a veritable high priestess of the period. Eyes ablaze, she outlined her famous distinction between authoritarianism and totalitarianism.

WHEREAS former evil empires had been authoritarian, only the Soviet Union had perfected the techniques required to render its dominion absolute and terminal. Therefore wherever the communist evil took hold, an eternity of damnation was bound to follow. Compared to a communist victory, the destruction of thermo-nuclear war on a global scale could be envisaged with relative equanimity.

Most of my fellow guests, the flower of New Right Thatcherites, found it a spell-binding performance. At long last someone had thought up a closely argued rationale for supposing that the human

High fliers like to lie low

Norman Foster wants us to live in the clouds. But the rich people who have tried it in Hong Kong would rather stay nearer the ground, says Andrew Higgins

SIR NORMAN Foster tells us that social climbing means precisely that — climbing to a luxury apartment in the clouds atop the Millennium Tower, he has planned for London. The world's champion social climbers, though, are far less literal-minded. No one ever disputed Hong Kong's zeal to get ahead. It boasts two of the world's 10 richest billionaires and more Rolls-Royces per capita than any other city in the world.

It also has scores of tall buildings and a breathtaking skyline. But real status in Hong Kong comes from staying firmly on the ground.

"Very rich people like to be different," says Ronnie Chan, the multi-millionaire chairman of Hang Lung Development, one of the colony's main property firms. "If everyone else is going up, we like to stay down. Here lots of people live in penthouses but very few can afford to have their own garden." Chan, like many members of the colony's plutocracy, lives in a family house on Victoria Peak, close to the heavens but only thanks to nature.

Across Asia, economic boom has produced a building blitz, most of it vertical. Malaysia has just snatched from Chicago's John Hancock building the right to proclaim itself home to the world's highest tower. China is close behind, with two huge office blocks under construction in Chongqing and Shanghai. Hong Kong has Asia's second tallest building and a tycoon called Nina Wang wants to unseat Malaysia.

But such giant totems of power and wealth are dedicated almost entirely to offices. Corporations

and countries like heights. The people who run them seem to like the ground. The Hong Kong Bank and the Bank of China have both built stunning skyscrapers, one designed by Norman Foster, the other by the Chinese-American architect IM Pei.

Near the top of both is a luxury suite for visiting corporate executives. Such extravagance, though, has little appeal for real members of the universe. Sherman Kong, a leading Hong Kong architect who worked on the Bank of China project, says senior Chinese cadres who visit prefer to stay in a hotel or in the bank's villa. "The service is better and few people like to sleep in an office block." Hong Kong's best-known veteran social-

ties, Brenda and Kai-bong Chau, live in a low-rise mansion called Villa D'Oro with a garage for their his-and-hers pink and gold Rolls-Royces.

Living in a high-rise could mean sharing the lift with people like Chong Tsui-jun, a modestly wealthy cigarette trader whose name has been plastered over local newspapers in connection with a fraud and corruption scandal. Last week, he took advantage of his 26th floor in a luxury apartment block to end his long legal ordeal: he jumped. His pyjama-clad corpse was found floating in the swimming pool.

Far from being the exclusive preserve of the rich, life at high altitude in Hong Kong is highly democratic. Over half of the population lives in high-rise public housing. Some of the colony's poorest live in penthouses.

"Living high up is nothing special in Hong Kong. It is the norm," said Dr TC Ho, a psychiatry professor at the University of Hong Kong. "But fewer than 1 per cent can afford a private garden. Nearly everyone else lives in tall apartment blocks." Living in the clouds is so much a part of ordinary life, he says, that Hong Kong has few of the problems associated with crowded low-rent high-rises in Britain or the US.

At the Man Hing Estate in Chai Wan, working-class district at the end of the subway line, the top floor of the colony's tallest council block is occupied by a factory labourer, his wife and four children. They hang washing from the windows of their 44th floor eyrie, bursed in the rooftop — and dream of one day moving down to earth.



Up, up and away . . . life at the top isn't all it's cracked up to be

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Botticelli bonkers... Film-maker Piotrowska and her mock-up Primavera. Top right: the real thing



Primavera, Myths Or Fingerprints, will be shown on C4 tonight at 8pm.

Oh no it isn't

Botticelli's Primavera has made fools of the experts for centuries — and still people spend their lives trying to unlock its secrets. This woman admits to being obsessed by it. Me too, says **Veronica Horwell**

AGNIESZKA Piotrowska — I'll call her AP — is Polish, which means that she discovered subversion keeps things alive in head and heart. It means also that 20 years ago when she was 16, she boarded a beaten-up bus tour through Europe and queued with her father outside the Uffizi in Florence. There she met Primavera for the first time. She was surprised by its size. It is taller than a man. It takes five wide strides to walk from one side to the other.

Her father, who sounds very wise, said it was about change. AP directs documentaries now. Her last was about Jerzy Kosinski, the Polish Jewish American success and suicide, a wizard of contradictions who left her low in spirits. So she wanted to make a film about the sublime: Primavera. Art on television is supposed to be authoritative. Scientific, even. Somebody stands before a masterpiece and speaks about provenance and attribution, psychosexual sublimations and

manifestations of the zeitgeist. We listen. He knows, you know. Only when AP started to research Primavera, she realised that nobody knew. There was agreement. It was the work of Alessandro (Sandro) Filippini of Florence, called Botticelli, which means little barrel, painted between 1470 and 1490 for the city's prime family, the Medici. Giorgio Vasari, who wrote about lifestyles of the Renaissance rich and famous, saw around 1650 a Botticelli of "Venus, whom the Graces are covering with flowers denot-

ing the spring" in Castello, a Medici country villa. There it was rediscovered in the 19th century and warily displayed to the public in 1893. Then, then, one painting, in pigments bound with egg-yolk, a drop of vinegar and limesed oil on poplar wood panels. Left-to-Right, Mercury prods a private cloudscape with his wand; three Graces dance; tilt-headed female, could be Venus, raises her hand in — welcome? blessing? blimfoof Cupid lovers above her. Flora, a young woman of perpetual total moder-

nity, looks straight into your soul; a nymph, Chloris, is lured at by a wind, Zephyr. Backdrop: orange-silver of silver river. Foreground: about 500 plants of which 39 are fantasies and 42 are botanically identifiable. Professor Guido Moggi found that out after the 1982 cleaning, which dissolved five centuries of sunset gold varnishes to leave a pale dawn scene.

That's it. Beyond that no one concurs on who commissioned it, why, when, nor what it means. AP did ask. She photographed authorities pontifical in their chairs, or tome-in-hand in their libraries. She edited the answers, one butting another, for her film, which is like a Polish cabaret, pre-fall of the Iron Curtain. Very subversive.

Zo? says venerable Prof Sir Ernst Gombrich, my once novel theory was that Primavera was a teaching aide for Lorenzo Pierfrancesco Medici, temperamental teenage cousin to the great Lorenzo di Medici — Il Magnifico. Gombrich believes that philosopher Marsilio Ficino wrote a shooting script for Primavera, which was a kind of commercial selling Neo-Platonism to the boy. It was a fashionable New Agey thought in 15th century Florence, combining astrology, muscular harmony, universal love of mind for mind, magic, a tender Christianity and classical religion, etc.

Und now, summarises Gombrich to AP's camera, if you want me to explain in one sentence, Primavera is about the realm of Venus, an ideal world. No, no, says Dr Paul Holberton. It was never drawn for Lorenzo Pierfrancesco; he would have been about seven. And that's not Venus, she is anybody's idealised beloved. It's about love at first sight.

Oh, it could have been done for Lorenzo Pierfrancesco, concedes Dr Charles Hope. But nobody asked Ficino to script anything. Love for the mind? Mind? Obviously it's all about physical love and a new, rich sensuality. Ah, asserts Prof Charles Dempsey, who long ago was Gombrich's protégé but defected, it was created for Il Magnifico and those deities were real people. Prof Bill Kent counters it was made for Il Magnifico, yes, but painted when his revered mother, the mamma and mediator to all Florence, had just died; the Venus-madonna-figure is her.

Interjected between are teasing theories about Mercury being a portrait of gorgeous Giuliano, Il Magnifico's brother, butchered by a rival family in a hit at High Mass in the Duomo on Easter Sunday, 1578; and Flora or Venus being portrait of beauty Simonetta Vespucci, dead of TB at 23. "Well," responds Gombrich, "you can say anything you like about the past. You can say they were very fond of spinach if you want. We don't know."

I go round to AP's house in Acton to see the full-size mock-up of Primavera in her sitting-room. Art students cart it about Florence in the film, proving points practically like you can't get it into the room where Vasari claimed he saw it because it won't pass through the stone doorway. AP and I sit most of an evening staring at Venus — if that is Venus. (Gombrich's famous essay has a footnote quoting 15 different interpretations of her expression.) AP's partner slopes off to research definitions of happiness; he's in the psych business. AP filmed psych interpretations of Primavera, too. They're 100 per cent absolute and totally contradictory. A Freudian in red emphasises the moment of deflowering, and a gentle Jungian in black indicates mandala shapes.

AP has witty anecdotes about some authorities she approached who were just too doily even for her film. But more on her mind is a worry that, with new policies for Channel 4, there will be no more commissions as stimulating as this, on which she spent six months. It seems that C4 has been like the Florence of Il Magnifico and his father Cosimo: a place of experiments removed from outside power struggles; an ideal

realm where arrogant, inspired patrons sponsored poets, craftsmen and artists and where the citizens were presumed to be bright. What does AP feel about Primavera? Feel, not know. That Venus is sad and looking back at the past. That it is about change.

IN THE film, a vivid Florentine-in-the-streets shown AP's repro, says it's full of grace and pregnant women. I like that and I go rummaging at home for a box of souvenirs from a cold wet spring spent in Florence searching for specimens of all 42 of those real plants in Primavera's foreground. Look, there's my poster of it, carried like a chart for miles, cracked down the folds and grappa-stained. And the list of flower names ticked when I found them: the spooky hellebore grew among sump oil in a rubbish dump, and a footballer jumped into corn so green the wind made no sound in it to pluck me an early cornflower bud. A Florentine gardener in AP's film grumbles they don't all bloom in the spring, but I checked off the total 42.

I should like you to believe that it was an educated interest in Laurentian Florence that first hooked me on the painting, but it was, in fact, a House & Garden magazine ad decades ago for Pat Albery's furnishing fabrics — curtains, sheets — based on Primavera's flowers. They were expensively printed on cotton. I could only afford the pillowcases, so I bought a cheap art-partwork in lieu of the rest of the decor and was spellbound by the subject. Through I never speculated what Primavera meant, it seemed then like those sixties Vogue fashion spreads with figures on exotic location, but no narrative. Or maybe a musical production number.

But I did think much about Botticelli himself: look, there's my notebook scribbled with his brief life. The studious, sticky son of a tanner; the goldsmith's apprentice; a pupil of Fra Filippo Lippi; he worked from home "as and when he pleases", as his father declared to the tax authorities when Sandro was 35. He sounded restless, a perfectionist taking commissions and either never beginning them or abandoning them before Lent. He had a Medici education, but that didn't silence him: "Without a scrap of learning and scarcely knowing how to read," a friend wrote, "he plays the commissioner of Dante." "What do they mean, little barrel," wrote Il Magnifico, "he's a big mouth for input and output, never without an invitation to dinner and supper, at home anywhere and always bussing into yours."

When the fortunes of Florence and the Medici declined in the 1490s, Sandro was converted by the austere and fundamentalist preacher Savonarola; he offered up his secular artworks to Savonarola's young cultural cadres who burnt them on the Bonfire of the Vanities in the Piazza della Signoria before Lent, 1498. Savonarola himself was burnt in that square the next year by those who had formerly advanced him.

Botticelli lived one more decade. He painted ever less. "He is the only painter not burdened with commissions," wrote an agent to a prospective patron, "and he would gladly work for you." "Botticelli, the note quoting 15 different interpretations of her expression, and they asked him to sit on the committee deciding where Michelangelo's David should stand. He was buried in his father's tomb, destitute.

I return my list to the box, with the Handbook Of Wild Flowers Of South of Europe and the business card of the Japanese doctor who sat next to me all one sopping day that spring in the Uffizi regarding Flora's face. He had played truant from a conference in Switzerland to see it. He was not surprised by its size, because he had thought of it as a Japanese screen ever since in childhood, he first saw the picture in a book one summer day in Osaka, when he had to stay home because of air pollution.

SHOOTING STARS



RISE: DANIEL HARDING

Up... While a slip of a lad at Chetham's School of Music, Harding bumps into Sir Simon Rattle. By the time he's 18, he's Rattle's assistant at the CBSO, and making his professional debut, conducting Bartok's Miraculous Mandarin Suite — "awesome" said the critics. Up... In late '95, Rattle withdraws from a CBSO concert in Chatelet at the last minute; the evening's programme contains Mahler and Schoenberg works which are far from standard in the conductor's repertory. But Harding wades in, lies about his experience, and conducts the concert to delirious acclaim. And away... This week, a fortnight past his 21st birthday, he conducts the Berlin Phil, where he's Claudio Abbado's assistant. It's his biggest triumph yet, again precipitated by the original conductor's freak withdrawal. Is Harding spiking their drinks?



FALLING: THE EVERLY BROTHERS

Going... At the psychedelic end of the sixties, that ole Everly Brothers close-harmony country croon began to sound a sordid passé. The problem is exacerbated by their Drug Hell — Don says his doctor gave him hallucinogenic substances under the guise of vitamins. Hmm. Going... Phil smashes his guitar on stage in Texas and frounces off. The group is kaput. The pair don't speak for several years. Don gets fat and moves to Nashville. Gone... They re-form. After enjoying a mini-vogue as one of the proclaimed influences of the Britpop crowd, the Brothers convene in Berlin this Thursday to entertain middle-aged Germans. But "Auf wiedersehen, auf wiedersehen, mein Liebe" doesn't have the same ring, does it?

Pity the poor Bosnians, says Gary Lachman, for having to put up with the artist's convoy of peace

An embarrassment of liberals

IN LOVE Thy Neighbor, his account of the Bosnian war, Washington Post journalist Peter Maas remarks that during the "conflict" Bosnia became "a choice stamp to have in your metaphysical passport". He mentions Bianca Jagger's "fact finding" visit in 1993, inferring that her humanitarian cachet profited more from this than any Bosnian did. Recently I had an opportunity to ponder Maas's wisdom. As a member of a London "artists' convoy" I was at the Art Of Freedom Festival held in Tuzla last month. Geared, according to its prospectus, to "provide an opportunity for the people of Tuzla to enjoy a diverse arts

festival after four years of war", and to be a "permanent marker for creativity and tolerance against nationalism and creeping ethnic cleansing", Umjetnost Slobode, as the festival was called in Bosnian, raised questions of how one gauges the success of these affairs. But, even more, it raised the question of exactly whose festival it was. That arrangements proved an exercise in disorganisation was had enough. Basic requirements like lodging, food, toilets, not to mention scheduling of events, were, at best, shots in the dark. Tuzla's mayor, Selim Beslagic, wrote a letter welcoming the convoy. Yet according to John Davies of Workers Aid For Bosnia, one of the festival organisers, when the con-



voys reached Tuzla, nothing had been prepared for it. There were even suggestions of profiteering. Spanish aid workers, come to help rebuild the Dom Mlad, the youth home, were told they'd be charged for every hammer and nail.

Granted, organising massive affairs involving hundreds of people isn't easy, especially with a considerable language barrier. But looking at the festival prospectus, and reading the list of events that didn't happen, like the closing classical performance by flautist Wissam Boustany, one questions whether we should have been thankful for what did take place. Creating adverse conditions and congratulating yourself on the small achievements you squeeze out of them is a dubious business. And if the living conditions of the 100-plus members of the convoy — the corridor of a school, with two unreliable toilets and showers to accommodate all — were supposed to mirror those of some earlier occupants (300

refugee women who lived there for more than a year), then bad taste also enters the equation.

Disorganisation wasn't the worst of it. There was also the feeling we were imposing this festival on Tuzla. Realising no one, including ourselves, knew what was going on, a "procession" designed to "make as much noise as possible" was organised. No one took much notice of this. Yet what struck me were the costumes. One woman, a still-walker wrapped in black leather, wore insect-eye goggles and brandished arms that looked like ear muffs. She could have come off the set of Mad Max. This might go down well in Camden, but what does it have to do with multiculturalism and ethnic tolerance, especially in a country that had seen enough of real-life monsters? It seemed that for a great deal of the festival we were taking in each others' laundry: much of the audience at most of the events were members of the convoy. A call to "take to the streets"

was given on the first day. Advertising, or desperation? Were we helping these people, or slumming? That some of Tuzla's teenagers enjoyed a free Dodgy concert is, to be sure, a good thing, as were the music and craft workshops that some of the local children attended. But I couldn't escape a feeling of strain, even at the successful events. And when a woman journalist assured me that "Bosnians want the same things we want," I wondered at her surprise, and the implied understanding that "they" were "just like us", and that that, of course, was a good thing.

In a fireworks finale, explosions echoing those of a year before drove out devils in the form of Spanish dancers. I had to admit relief, and the embarrassment liberals feel when they realise their philanthropic efforts are a tad patronising.

As Gary Valentini, the author was a composer and performer with the rock groups Blondie, Iggy Pop, and The Knack. He is now a writer living in London.

Sky's the limit

Anderson Shelter

With Mackrell Who dare

مكازم التحصيل

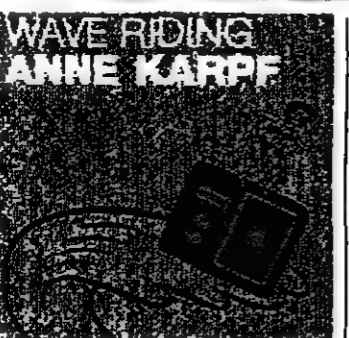


CHANNEL SURFING STUART JEFFRIES

Sky's the limit

IT WAS only nine minutes into Peter Benchley's The Beast (Sky 1) when they cut to a five-minute break. We barely got to know the smart young couple whose sailing holiday was rudely interrupted when they were sliced into bite-sized portions. (By four minutes in, even very simple viewers had worked out that the Beast was a giant squid, or its approximation. To all appearances, the cost-conscious effects johnnies had thrown a Greek starter into a fish tank and stirred vigorously with pitta bread.)

ive: that shot is all but the signature of Jaws, shown on Sky Movies Gold two days before. Bizarrely, re-viewing that movie was a fresh experience. Even an obviously rubber shark can seem menacing with a director who can construct suspense through editing and mastery of the mise en scene. Jaws even had enough guile to lampoon itself: the scuba divers jokingly terrorise a beach with a plastic fin, a gag which at the same time fed our unease.



WAVE RIDING ANNE KARPf

Anderson shelter

GERRY Anderson has done that horse thing. Having fallen off Radio 4, he's climbed right back on again. Not that his new series Gerry's Bar bears much relation to the infamous Anderson Country, which excited some Radio 4 listeners into believing that their radio sets were growing horns. Here he's back on his old patch, with a series of talks about his native Northern Ireland in the style of his previous series Stroke City, which made his name on the so-called mainland. Unlike Anderson Country, the new series displays his aptitudes, which are chiefly descriptive — the chap is splendid on summoning scenes, and turning in the crisp, funny line. But if Anderson is a storyteller of some skill, as a social analyst it's still not his point. His take on Belfast is not just amusing — the trouble with his fellow citizens is that they don't see "the big picture" (presumably he does) — but also seriously stereotypical, implying that its inhabitants are dotish bigots, prey to irrational beliefs. "So why are we at each other's throats for no good reason?", he asks rhetorically. It's not a useful way of making sense of religio-political strife, nor a fresh one.

times to demerol me: telling her callers-in what they should say to their errant partner or recalcitrant kid, she comes over like some strong-but-sincere actress giving a stirring speech.

But on the whole her counsel is sound, she distinguishes well between the serious and the indulgent, and sometimes swiftly spots an underlying problem. Like (recently) a school non-attender's depression. Most valuably Raeburn serves the great in-betweens — those untouched by social workers or psychotherapists. James Whale's evening Talk Radio phone-in is another matter. Full of artificial bombast, he uses listeners as a stage for his theatrical displays of self-importance. On Monday night some timid young thing had to wait while he railed mock-exasperatedly about who can remember what. The best bit was when he had to go off for a pee and two female callers-in got to chat between themselves. I've never understood why the satirists and parodists haven't got their hands on the phone-in, having burlesqued the news programme and chat show so successfully, but then I heard McDonald's new ad and there it was, a jockey money-saving tips phone-in, complete with nervy caller using the lingo of fake intimacy ("To be honest, Roland"). The ad has just won an Aerial Award, a monthly prize for radio advertisements which culminates in the annual awards next month.

Judith Mackrell applauds Swan Lake at the Piccadilly Theatre Who dares swims

The triumph BALLETT companies usually regard Swan Lake as the most reliable warhorse in their repertoire, the public never tiring of its exquisite Swan Princesses or of Tchaikovsky's familiar score. But for Matthew Bourne, director of Adventures in Motion Pictures, transferring his own production to the Piccadilly Theatre this week was potentially the riskiest thing he's ever done. Pure dance rarely ventures into

the commercially capricious West End because it relies on a loyal, carefully targeted public, and AMP's own interpretation of the ballet is particularly tricky to sell, since it dares something that's only been attempted as transvestite parody before — it has all the Swans danced by men. When the Swans premiered at Sadler's Wells last year, it was cushioned by a core dance audience which could appreciate the work's seriousness as well as get its jokes. Bourne's attempt to get this audience back for a second viewing and to hook



After Ella... Annie Ross, one-time child star — and niece of Ella Fitzgerald — who grew up to become Britain's only truly international female jazz star

The lady is a champ

Cool, sophisticated and Scots. John Fordham pays homage to jazz great Annie Ross

The legend

"LOSE enough for jazz" is a well-olled maxim that says things work best if the edges are a little ragged. It's a principle that Annie Ross, the elegantly Americanised Scots singer — who played herself in the film Shortcuts — only observed according to her own strict definitions. Ross is at the Cafe Royal's Green Room for a fortnight, a venue from which you'd not only be turned away if you turned up in sneakers, but probably offered reduced rates with a local psychiatrist. It's such a cushioned environment, attractive to audiences of well-heeled drifters who don't quite know what they're buying a ticket for, that it almost threw even the sophisticated Ms Ross.

a singer her combination of meticulous attention to the anatomies of classic songs and a built-in ability to swing like a rhythm section (the product of years of familiarity with some of jazz history's greatest rhythm players, including Count Basie's) made her the most internationally respected jazz vocalist ever to have had a connection with these shores, even including Cleo Laine.

usually sing. One such was To Hell With Love, a brooding reflection on the price of passion that was a highlight of the opening night at the Green Room. Ross rubbed the point in by the way the drama of the song evolved, from bruised broodiness in twilight at the start (the singer brought her own lighting expert for the season, Dizley Jones) to a frantic assertiveness that rattled the glassware. She inhabited this song in a way that closed the sometimes tantalising gap between where she appears to be and where she really is, but it's a song that's close to a travelling artist's heart.

singer Buddy Logan were close relatives. Unlike virtually all British jazz artists, she thus grew up with the great stars of the music just around the corner, and wasn't fazed by launching a career on a Fifties world stage that already included Fitzgerald, Holiday and Vaughan. She was bright and curious, and she absorbed instrumentalists' methods as if she played a horn herself. Ella Logan understood jazz, and had close connections with the jazz world, which brought Lana Horne, Duke Ellington, Errol Garner and many others to the house.

and the veteran drummer Jack Parnell. Don't Get Around Much Anymore was a mixture of purrs turning into growls set against sudden percussive exclamations, turning into a Fitzgerald-like headlong scud. Twisted, her sardonic psychiatrist's-couch narrative set to a famous sax solo by Wardell Gray was there, too, now deeper, and more phlegmatically delivered.

Miller's Traviata succeeds in spite of him, says Andrew Clements Doctor - No!

The let-down

A BOHEME, Tosca, Carmen and now Traviata; it's become a tradition of Dennis Marks' regime at English National Opera to open the season with a new production of popular, repertory piece. Like its predecessors, Jonathan Miller's Traviata is straightforward enough to keep the box-office busy for a number of seasons to come.



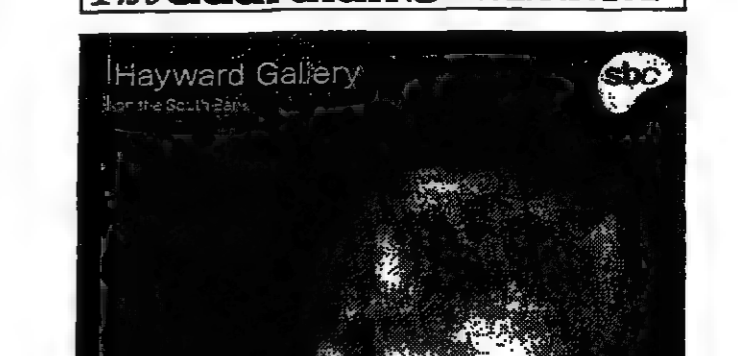
Outstanding... Rosa Mannion

fell into place. The Germont, Christopher Robertson, suggested several layers beneath the severe exterior: There are good supporting performances too, from Neelys Jones's Flora, Ashley Holland's bullying, bear-like Baron, and Anthony Mee's camped up Viscount.

Camillas, on which Pave's libretto is based. Yet it all becomes an elaborate, intellectualised frame in which to set the action; there is nothing in that treatment which is more than pictorial, nothing to interact with the drama in a meaningful way. Explicit moments of "production" are few and far between, and the most striking of them is also the most revealing of Miller's attitude. In the final scene, Violetta remains bedbound, and does not urge herself to the window (as the libretto directs) to watch a passing street parade; Miller's exact, as he argues in the programme, but it is not operatically perceptible. Violetta's last desperate attempt to recall her earlier, vivacious life is one of the whole opera's transcendent points and the removal of it suggests that verisimilitude is paramount to Miller and suspension of disbelief forbidden. But opera isn't real life, and isn't meant to be.

Book of the Week TONY BLAIR'S BLUEPRINT FOR A NEW BRITAIN

"New Britain" is a book from the very heart of the New Labour Party, the most personal and extensive portrait of a leader in advance of a General Election. More than a declaration of convictions and beliefs, it is an opportunity to understand what plans Tony Blair has for a revived, reinvigorated Britain.



Advertisement for Hayward Gallery and Mapplethorpe exhibition, including dates and contact information.

into a non dance public is, according to box-office lore, akin to financial suicide. Except that this Swan Lake is a blissfully comic, fiercely moving piece of theatre that should convert even the grouchiest dance phobe into a fan. Les Brothers-stone's designs locate the ballet in a late 20th-century Britain of corrupt Royalty, Soho sleaze and secret magic with a style and ingenuity as arresting as any blockbuster musical. But Tchaikovsky's music is magnificently more hummable than any Lloyd Webber score. And

Bourne's re-write of the ballet, which shows Prince Siegfried as the mad melancholy victim of a loveless Palace upbringing, rings a thousand bells for any contemporary Royal watcher. The ballet was enthralling first time round but on a second viewing it looks even better. Technically the dancing has grown tighter so that the male corps invest an even more thrilling wildness into the powered grace of their Swan rituals. Adam Cooper in the Odette/Odile role dominates the stage as a savagely beautiful force of nature, his arms braced like an eagle's wings, his gaze both remote and perplexed as he hesitates over his affection for the wimpish Prince. Fiona Chadwick's Queen is a comic gem, and Scott Ambler's Siegfried has become even more haplessly

poignant. It's not Petipa and Ivanov, and there are brief moments where you miss the love poetry of the original. But the terrifying final act, where the lovers are torn apart, makes Tchaikovsky's score far more viscerally exciting than any classical interpretation. Before the show opened rumours were flying around that AMP were seriously considering a Broadway run. Mad hubris, we all thought. Yet the response of this audience — pecked with critics and heavyweight stars from both theatre and dance — made us think again. As the whole auditorium rose in a spontaneous standing ovation we found ourselves in the middle of one of dance's most unexpected fairy tales — a tiny company's West End triumph. Details: 0171-387 7734

20 SPORTS NEWS

Racing

Dushyantor can go nap for Cecil

Chris Hawkins

DUSHYANTOR, the Epsom Derby second, looks the choice for this afternoon's Pertemps Stakes at Doncaster to give Henry Cecil a fifth success in the season's final Classic.

Dismissed suggestions that his horse was running out of steam at York when Mons appeared to be getting back at him inside the final furlong told me: "He'd won his race and started to idle there. He'll stay all right, there's no doubt in my mind about it."

While talking about Stamina, Heron Island and St Maves are best to get every yard of the trip and more.

Pentire tunes up for Arc

carry on for the Arc," said the Newmarket trainer. "Unfortunately I wanted some soft ground to see how he would cope. Now the race may tell us little."

Wragg also scotched rumours that Pentire was becoming reluctant to go out on the Newmarket gallops. He was certainly reluctant to leave the stalls in the King George, but came through to challenge Cecil and Shaamit in tremendous style.

In that sort of form Pentire (4.35) should be too good for Swain, last year's Arc third.



Rematch... Dushyantor (right), here getting the better of Mons at York, is a warm favourite to win again in today's St Leger. PHOTOGRAPH: MARTIN LYNCH

Doncaster runners and riders with TV form

Table listing race details for Doncaster, including race names, runners, and TV form numbers. Races include 2.00 Niveola, 2.20 Pire of Pontie, 2.05 Compton Place, 2.00 EAST COAST STAKES STV 1m 40.18, 2.30 ROTHAMPS ROYALS NORTH SOUTH CHALLENGER SERIES FINAL, 3.05 POLYTYPE'S FLYING CHILDRS STAKES, 3.05 POLYTYPE'S FLYING CHILDRS STAKES, 3.05 POLYTYPE'S FLYING CHILDRS STAKES, 3.05 POLYTYPE'S FLYING CHILDRS STAKES.

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Carson back on classic merry-go-round

WILLIE CARSON may have to postpone his retirement for another year after Bahhare's success in the Prix Niel.

Opposition includes his progressive stable companion Tarator, an unlikely second to Strategic Choice at Deauville last time. A good run here will see his Arc odds (33-1) cut dramatically.

Shaamit bids to uphold Pentire's Ascot form in the Irish Champion Stakes at Leopardstown today. He will not mind the drop in distance to 10 furlongs, but could find Timarad (4.00) a handful.

about Bahhare, who impressed him much more than Alsharth in this race last year.

"He's still a baby, very much a baby, and will develop," said the jockey. "He's not like Alsharth, who was a complete horse as a two-year-old and the others caught him up."

Races can change dramatically in a matter of strides as we saw in the Joy U.K. Handicap when the favourite Damt, who had appeared to be cruising home a furlong out, was swallowed up by a stoked-up Spillo.

Goodwood with form for the televised events

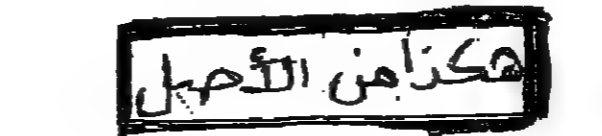
Table listing race details for Goodwood, including race names, runners, and TV form numbers. Races include 2.15 GOODWOOD BAY STAKES HANDICAP 7Y 11.50, 2.45 WESTMINSTER TOWN INSURANCE SELECT STAKES 1m 2f 62.80, 3.20 WILLIAM HILL SPRING CUP HANDICAP OF 114.616.

Table listing race details for Goodwood, including race names, runners, and TV form numbers. Races include 4.30 ROYAL NAVY MAIDEN STAKES STV 1m 24.80, 5.00 CITY OF PORTSMOUTH MAIDEN STAKES STV 1m 24.80, 5.30 BATTLE OF BRITAIN WHITHORPE STAKES (BARBARIC) 7Y 64.60.

Table listing race details for Leopardstown, including race names, runners, and TV form numbers. Races include 4.00 Irish Champion Stakes (Group 1) 2m 40.00, 4.00 Irish Champion Stakes (Group 1) 2m 40.00, 4.00 Irish Champion Stakes (Group 1) 2m 40.00.

Table listing race details for Leopardstown, including race names, runners, and TV form numbers. Races include 4.35 Prix Foy (Group 2) 1m 40.00, 4.35 Prix Foy (Group 2) 1m 40.00, 4.35 Prix Foy (Group 2) 1m 40.00.

Advertisement for 'Woosie' early bird, featuring a large illustration of a bird and promotional text for a breakfast cereal.



Golf

Woosie snipes at early bird Monty

David Davies at St Non in Breckche

THE big fight is scheduled for the end of October, a catchweight contest over four rounds, four hours each round, between, in the blue for Scotland, the big, bruising Colin Montgomerie and in the red for Wales, Ian Woosnam.

Montgomerie is ahead on points overall this season, having won last week in Switzerland to turn a \$26,000 deficit to Woosnam into a \$26,000 advantage. But both these fighters are playing in every counting event from now on, with more than \$3 million still to be won, there is room for much manoeuvring.

that, when I go out late that day, I can see his shadow done a 68 or whatever and it puts the pressure on me, I've got to try and match him. It's happened in six of our last seven tournaments now. Woosnam has a point, but it only brought a wolfish grin to the face of Montgomerie when told of the Welshman's complaints. "He's worried, is he?" said the Scot. "Well, that's great. I'm delighted he's making these points. I'm glad he's upset. It's my job to make him upset. In fact I have to upset as many as I can, like I did Sam Torrance last week."

De Lorenzi shoots record 64

THE Frenchwoman Marie-Laure de Lorenzi set a pace no one could match when she shot a course-record 64 in the Wilkinson Sword English Open at The Oxfordshire yesterday.

back on 138. The Frenchwoman, who had a break-fast-time start, equalled her lowest tour round. She never went over par as she carded eight birdies to set up the chance of a first win on the course.

The eagle at the long 16th needed two driver shots and a 30ft putt, and the birdie at the short 18th came when a chip that would have gone 20 feet past the hole instead hit the pin and dropped in. "It was a particularly nice tee shot, which got a lucky chip to give me the chip I had. Then I hit the shot too hard..."



Hat trick... Joint leader Jesper Parnevik (and trademark cap) lines up a putt in his 69

Basketball

Lack of long-term home investment hidden behind import-led boom

Robert Pryce THERE will be twice as many foreigners in the Basketball League this season. The clubs, the league, Sky Television and even the English association apparently believe this is good for the British game. Skill levels should rise and the players' union should sink. "Who's complaining?"

count shows that about 20 English players who appeared in the league last season have gone elsewhere in Europe and that about 30 extra foreigners have been recruited in their place.

have mostly moved abroad. The issue, the England centre Martin Henlan continues to insist from his new club in Iraklion, is the league's lack of "commitment to the talent and development of English youth".

Americans may temporarily satisfy the needs of the sport, he says, "as a long-term solution I'm not sold on the idea, because there are no kids coming through".

Byrd, "but he may be in a couple of years." Some people cannot wait that long. Tomorrow Sky, which has committed itself to broadcasting a live game every Sunday after the Premiership soccer game, will be showing the Birmingham Bulls against the Playboys TV Leopards.

Motor Racing

Hakkinen signs for next season

MIKA HAKKINEN, who recovered from serious injuries sustained practising for last year's Australian Grand Prix to be a front runner in this year's world championship, has been re-signed by the McLaren-Mercedes team for 1997 and will continue to partner David Coulthard.

Rugby Union

Wasps sign Reed on eve of visit to Recreation Ground

BATH'S Scotland lock Wally Reed yesterday joined Wasps on the eve of the meeting between the sides at the Recreation Ground.

league debut to a fourth Wigan player, Gary Connolly, who lines up alongside Will Carling in the centre against London Irish at The Stoop.

Bangor (N.H.)

- 3.10 Emerald City 3.40 Warner's Sports 3.50 Star Market

Sedgefield (N.H.)

- 1.50 What's Secret 2.50 Fossilball 2.80 The Calligrapher

Worcester (N.H.)

- 2.50 Minnesota Fats 3.50 Hammer Blows 3.80 Royal Vengeance

Sport in brief

Rugby League

Sheffield Eagles will next season play at Bramall Lane, home of Sheffield United FC, although the Don Valley Stadium, their base since 1991, will be used for the 1997 Challenge Cup and Alliance fixtures.

Sports Politics

Capital gains for Wembley

WEMBLEY'S campaign to be the new national stadium, which received a big boost yesterday when its six-monthly figures showed a 71 per cent increase in operating profit and a major reduction in debt to \$33.5 million.

Snooker

Brian Morgan, the world No. 39 from Tiptree, Essex, reached the semi-finals of the Suncity Asian Classic with a 5-4 win over Malta's Tony Drago in Bangkok.

Table Tennis

Carl Preen, who refused to play for England all last season, will not be in the team for the opening match of the European League campaign against Turkey at St Austell today, writes Richard Jago.

Sailing

Paul-Ricard Hoj-Jensen, Denmark's Olympic gold medalist in the Solings in 1976 and 1980, became European champion in the Dragon class when in the last day's racing at Pwllheli was cancelled because of an unsteady wind, writes Bob Fisher.

Cigar, whose run of 16 straight wins ended in last month's Pacific Classic at Del Rey, bids to restore his reputation in the Grade One Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park today.

James Fanshawe's Almond Rock (David Harrison) and Peter Harris's Popsy Carew (Gary Hind) contest the Group Two Man In Europe Val des Pres Trophy over 10 furlongs in Frankfurt tomorrow, while Ray Cochrane (Artan) and Richard Hughes (Silent Lake) both have local mounts booked.

Shuffled first time: BANGOR 10 Both Knight, DONCASTER 3.65 Fredrik The Prince, Worcester 1.55 In Good Nick, SEDGEBELD 4.65 Northern Falcon, WORCESTER 2.35 Northern Nation, 2.35 Tipping Along.

Shuffled first time: BANGOR 10 Both Knight, DONCASTER 3.65 Fredrik The Prince, Worcester 1.55 In Good Nick, SEDGEBELD 4.65 Northern Falcon, WORCESTER 2.35 Northern Nation, 2.35 Tipping Along.

Soccer

Arsenal say Wenger is coming, Houston going and Rice sticking

Martin Thorpe

ARSENE WENGER will join Arsenal before the end of this month. Meanwhile Stewart Houston's decision to quit Highbury yesterday could speed his arrival as the new manager of Queens Park Rangers.

He discounted as "complete nonsense" reports that Wenger will not arrive until next year, an assertion supported by the fact that Grampus has finally appointed Carlos Queiroz, a Portuguese coach, as the Frenchman's replacement.

"I think you will find that the new man will be with us originally said he would be," said Hill-Wood.

Houston, the former Gunners No. 2 and recently caretaker manager, is understood to have offered the post as assistant manager to his former Arsenal boss George Graham, now at Leeds, as well as the chance to take over at Loftus Road.

However, he is extremely tempted by the chance to continue as a No. 1, the position he held briefly at Highbury after Bruce Rioch's departure, and that could tilt his decision towards QPR.



Houston... tempted by QPR

I believe we shall be able to fulfil everything we wanted to do once it became clear we would have to let Bruce Rioch go.

Soccer Diary

Martin Thorpe

THE DIARY would like to share with you extracts from the Port Vale programme. For those of a sensitive disposition, we suggest you look away.

claimed nobody is interested in buying me. Other managers will be looking at the picture Joe has painted of me and think, 'We could do without that sort of chatter here'. Make your mind up, lad.

PUT George and Leeds together and you get Le Gred Gooes.

WINGATE and Pinchey are in the Ics League Third Division. So perhaps you would not expect them to have a team bus. Well, they have actually got an £11,500 Cadillac De Ville.

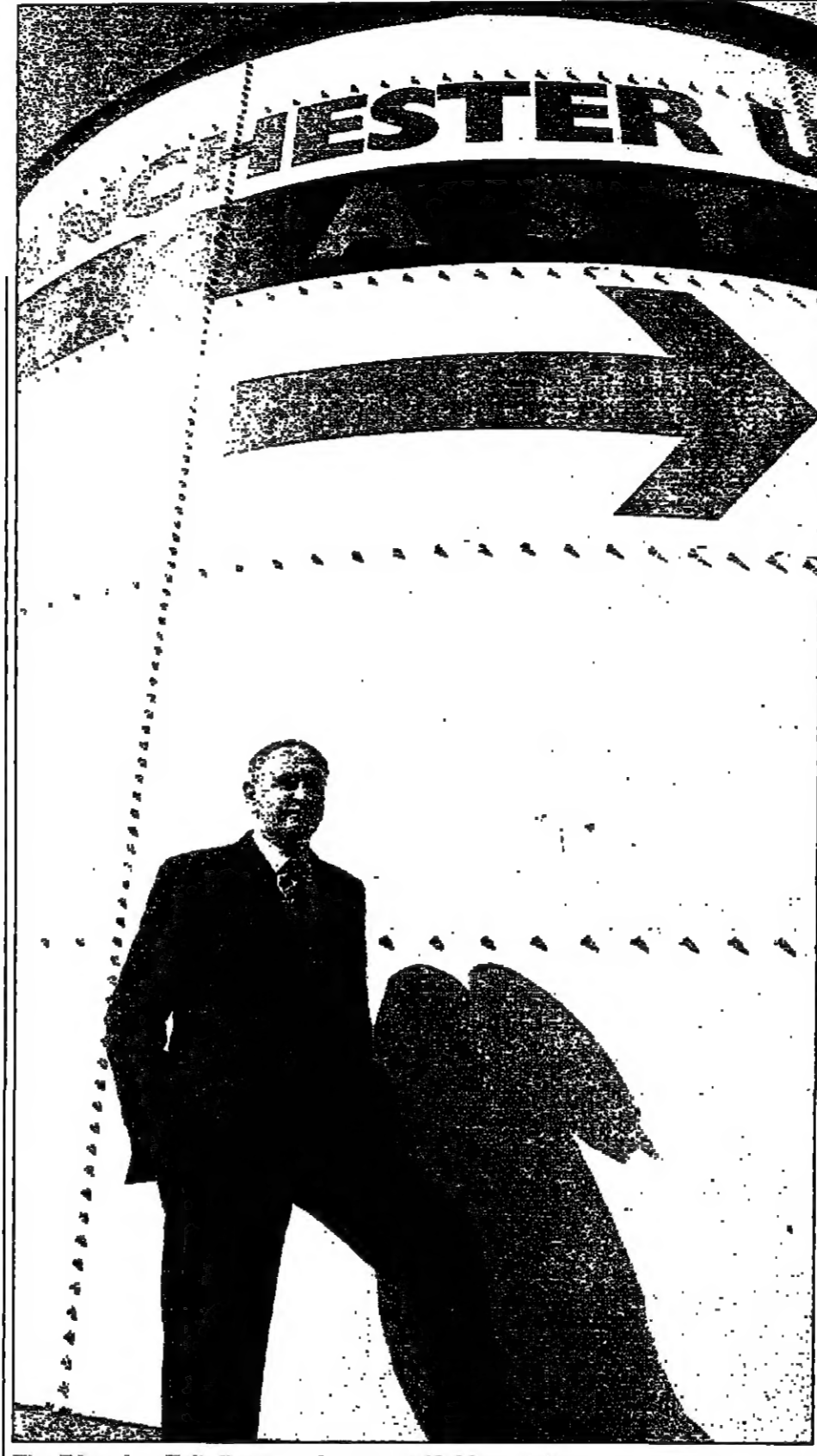
United put their shirts on the Alex Ferguson of merchandising

Martin Thorpe on one field in which the best of British beats the rest out of sight

MANCHESTER United are the best of British in the likes of Real Madrid, Benfica, Paris Saint Germain and Bayern Munich visit Old Trafford to listen and learn.

No, not Alex Ferguson's nightly dream but a daily reality. Of United's £50 million turnover last season, £23 million came from one, surprising source: merchandising — everything from replica shirts and videos to books and bedside lamps.

centage ratio between shirt sales and other sales was 80-20; now it is 40-60.



King Edward... United's super salesman outside his megastore

What Freedman has done is take the merchandising concept by the scruff of the shirt and shake it for all it is worth.

And his defence of the frequent kit changes? "If supporters are bothered by them, why did we have such huge queues for the new red kit?" he asks.

My main motivation is to make the most for Manchester United. The more money they get, the better the team and the ground.

A N Other

THE year England won the World Cup was also the year this distinguished exponent of football's creative arts signed professional forms with a firm of ironmongers down Plaistow way.



Alfonsa Asanovic (Derby County), whose all-round qualities shone at Blackburn on Monday.

Weekend fixtures

(JD unless stated) (a) = all-league Soccer FA CARLING PREMIERSHIP Derby v Sunderland Everton v Middlesbrough

NATIONWIDE LEAGUE

First Division Barnsley v QPR Birmingham v Stoke Bolton v Portsmouth

BELL'S SCOTTISH LEAGUE

Premier Division Aberdeen v Kilmarnock Dundee Utd v Celtic Dunfermline v Motherwell

LEAGUE OF WALES

Connah's Quay v Aberystwyth; Conwy v Welshpool; Ffron v Clwys; Holywell v Barry Tn (2.30); Inter Cable-Tel v Portmadoc

Rugby Union

PROTESTANT CUP: First round: Barnley v Barnstaple; Birmingham/Bolton v D Halesowen; Bishop's Cleeve v Blackley

Rugby League

NATIONAL CONFERENCE LEAGUE (2.30): Preston Dudley Hill v Oldham St; Annes; Horwath v Lark Lane; Mayfield v

Football

SENIORS LEAGUE: Derby v Crystal Palace (7.30); Manchester v Leicester (7.30); Hove v Watford v Thames Valley

Cricket County Championship: Grace R the final Defiant Th plays title

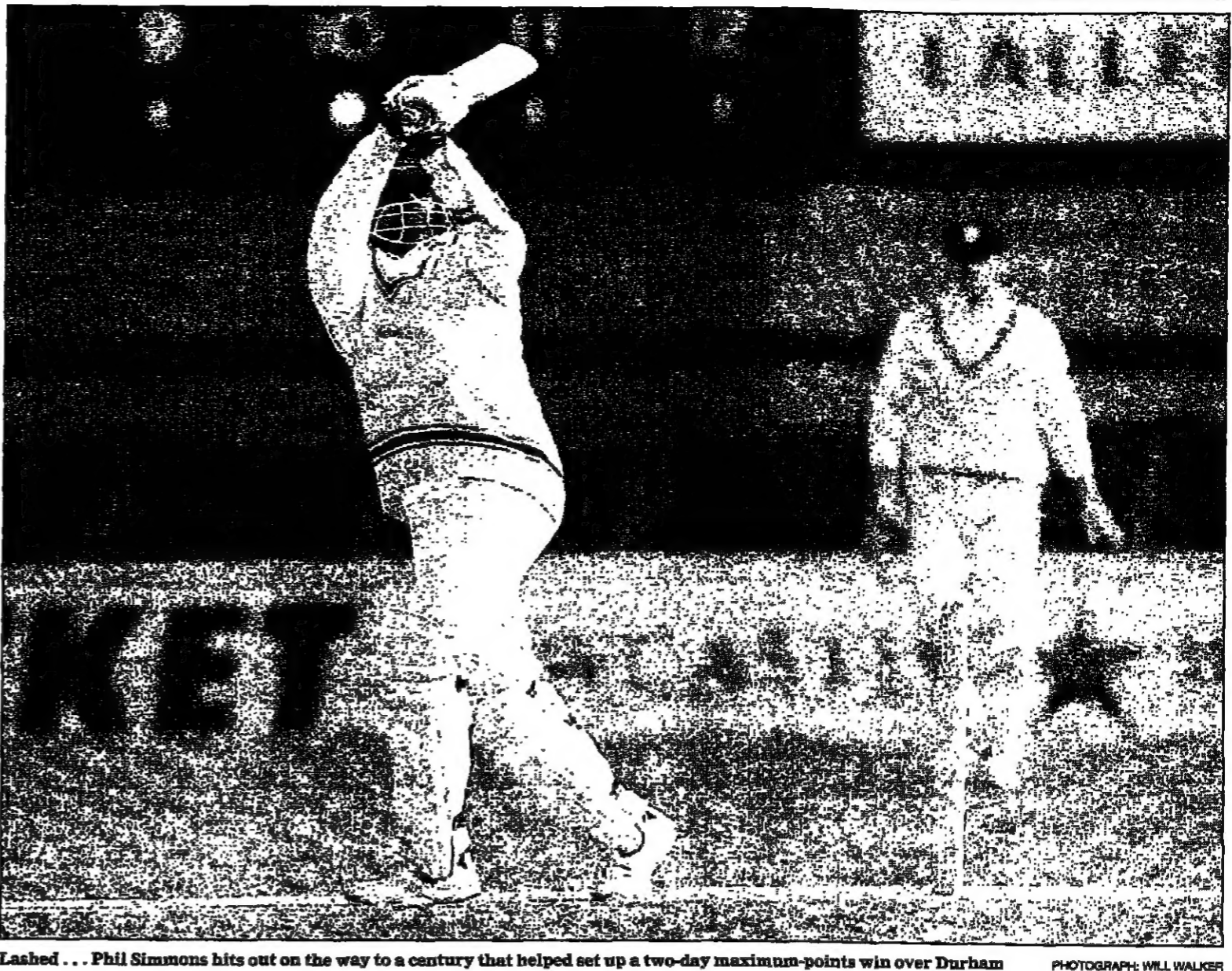
Cricket County Championship: Durham v Leicestershire

Grace Road awaits the final assault

David Hogg at Chester-le-Street
INACTIVITY leads to restlessness then Leicestershire have abundant opportunity to fret about the destination of the championship. The two-day victory against a feeble Durham side, strengthening their hold on the leadership, was so absurdly straightforward that waiting to discover if their rivals can respond in kind will prove more intimidating. Durham's challenge was so inadequate that it will be no surprise to discover that Don King has moved into cricket promotion. Their defeat by an innings and 251 runs was their heaviest at first-class level, and if they ever had a five-year plan it has approached completion with all the success of a moribund communist state. James Whitaker, an emerging influence in his first season as Leicestershire's captain, spoke of "zoning in" on the job, and no side could have cast aside such feeble opponents more efficiently. Middlesex, their final opponents at Grace Road on Thursday, will be more redoubtable. "We are in a fortunate position where if we play good cricket we can win it," said Whitaker, "but any one of five sides are still in contention."

Durham's second innings was blown away for 189 shortly before six o'clock by two bowlers who epitomise Leicestershire's season. Alan Mulally, who swept aside the tail in a spell of five for 27, is their only player to gain international recognition. Vince Wells, whose outswing, at assertive medium pace, destroyed the top order, has outperformed England's most-regarded all-rounders all season without gaining so much as a second glance. Another telling comparison came with the respective performances of two West Indian professionals. Sherwin Campbell's last contribution on a home ground was a submissive flay at his second ball, from Milns, and a duck which began Durham's capitulation. By contrast, Leicestershire's Phil Simmons, who is kept out of the West Indies side by Campbell, followed his career-best figures of six for 14 by trouncing a hapless attack for 171. When Leicestershire's innings had been suspended prematurely the previous evening because of bad light, there was an inkling of uncertainty. Victory already looked a formality but it would have been devalued without maximum bonus points, and at 263 for five, still 97 runs short of the mark, those looked by no means automatic.

In such a situation, any self-respecting county cricketer would have bowled with discipline and built up the pressure. But Durham's only strike bowler of merit, Simon Brown, also forced to contend temporarily with the demands of captaincy, looked close to exhaustion and the rest approached incompetence. Simmons and Nixon, embarrassed not a jot by such largesse, both thrashed bloodless hundreds in a repeat Leicestershire sixth-wicket stand which comfortably outdid Durham's combined total for both innings. Simmons wielded away disdainfully. Nixon floundered around on stumps and partnership of ridiculous ease was worth 284 in 53 overs when Simmons heaved at Campbell's low full-toss and was bowled. The declaration altered the mood. Wells had Hutton and Lister and leg-bat, and ended Dale's resistance. Mulally's resolute and unproductive season thanks to Milns's slick catch at short-extra, then had Roseberry caught down the leg side. Indignant Durham members glowering at the black-and-white of Lumley Castle may have been of a mind to reopen its dungeons to house the entire playing staff. "Unbelievable," one muttered. "It's not unbelievable at all," said another. "It's bloody inevitable."



Lashed... Phil Simmons hits out on the way to a century that helped set up a two-day maximum-points win over Durham

Glamorgan v Surrey

Defiant Thorpe plays title role

David Foot at Cardiff
FOR three hours Graham Thorpe batted and his title depended on his innings. He played Glamorgan's persevering slow bowlers with an intensity of concentration, as Surrey deliberately improved and then built up their reply. In a stay devoid of risk, and on a wicket which hardly embraced stroke-making, his first serious error — overlooking any apportioning of blame, that is, when Stewart was run out — brought his dismissal on 77. He cut loosely at Watkin and Morris held the catch in the slips. After him came Shahid, feet comfortably rather than elegantly, and his solid stand with Hollis. Surrey finished on 278 for four, still 91 behind on first innings, and with the match of such importance still delicately balanced. Welsh national pride has few inhibitions when acknowledging its heroes: Robert Croft, suddenly a Test cricketer, is the latest. The boundary seers yesterday buzzed with extravagant praise, guaranteed to embarrass this village boy. "We've been saying for ages he's the best we've got, he's always capable of running through the opposition on his own." They might have been talking of Barry Hogg.

Derbyshire v Warwickshire

DeFreitas digs in for victory

Mike Salvey at Derby
WITH the news of the Chester-le-Street cakewalk filtering through the grapevine, Derbyshire, intent on hounding Leicestershire to the end, must have felt as if in a dream. They watched the championship title was likely to be decided. Croft was, as expected, on by the 10th over, immediately having Butcher in some trouble and offering false hopes to the Cardiff faithful. Up on the Surrey balcony, the manager says his players looked forward to a length and finding some slow turn. Martin Bicknell lunged fatally forward, to be beaten and stumped by Shaw, the former Neath rugby player, chosen ahead of the experienced Metson. The 18-year-old Cosker soon joined Croft; he has a relaxed, controlled action and his virtues as a left-arm slow bowler have been noted and encouraged at England Under-19 level. Immediately before him he rewarded with Maynard lurching for a low reflex catch of Butcher at backward short leg. Surrey wisely retreated from adventure. In the period up to tea they scored 93 from 40 overs but lost Stewart in the process. He set off for a double, but Thorpe played the ball to backward point but he quickly gave up hope of beating James's lethal return.

Essex v Sussex

Gooch is still in the driving seat

Paul Weaver at Chelmsford
THERE are those who are beginning to suspect that Graham Gooch is not real at all but merely a creation of J M Barrie's Peter Pan enjoying a bit of R and R. His new hair-do is now familiar but yesterday he even sounded about 20 as his MG rapped throatily behind the pavilion and his bat crashed merrily as if it belonged to an adventurous tyro. At 43 and a bit he is still just about the best batsman in the country and the leading scorer this season. His 82 yesterday put him on 1,706, so with three innings to go it is still possible he could reach 2,000 runs in a summer for the sixth time. If there is one thing guaranteed to bring the best out of Gooch it is a confrontation with a fresh foe. His best innings this season was his double hundred against Somerset at Taunton and there are some at Essex who think this was partly because he has never previously faced the wayward but pacy Andrew Troost. Yesterday there was another greenhorn who needed reminding of Gooch's pre-eminence among modern English batsmen. James Kirkley, 21, bowled at a nippy pace and took five wickets for a TCCB XI earlier this season. He is getting a run in the side following the demise of Ed Giddins but here yesterday Gooch drove him with massive authority. Kirkley could afford a smile at the end of the day. He finished with four wickets, including that of Gooch, although he should not dwell on how they came. Gooch, after striking 13 fours in his 129-ball innings, offered a tame caught and bowled. Ronnie Irani drove straight to cover off the back foot and Robert Rollins cut another short delivery to point. Of the four only Paul Prichard was defeated by a decent delivery. Sussex started the day on 361 for eight and Essex wrapped up the innings in 13 balls. But Essex, with no one producing a major innings, looked in danger of not making 350 for a maximum four batting points until some late frolics by the tailenders. They were well placed at 115 for one at lunch, with Gooch on 60 and Nasser Hussain 36. But Hussain was out for 41 chasing a wide delivery from Vaseem Draxler. Gooch was third out at 167. Prichard fell almost immediately and when Stuart Law drove the off-spinner Nicky Phillips to mid-off the score was 248 and a meaningful lead was beyond them. Some late hitting by Irani (43), Rollins (29), Ashley Cowan (34) and Peter Such (19) saw Essex to 380, three runs behind.

Worcestershire v Warwickshire

Walsh foiled by late Worcestershire stand

THE Gloucestershire captain Courtney Walsh took five for 62 before Worcestershire retaliated with an unbeaten stand of 81 between David Letchdale (56) and Richard Illingworth (43) for the ninth wicket at New Road. Worcestershire recovered to 313 for eight in reply to Gloucestershire's 834 after Walsh's sequence had been sparked by his dismissal for 54 of Glamme Hick, who hit a six and eight fours. Jason Loney reached 1,000 runs for the season as he made 105 in Hampshire's bat-

Derbyshire v Warwickshire

DeFreitas digs in for victory

at second slip three overs previously. But he had played exceptionally well for 50 overs, and with the aid of some powerful straight-driving made 66 of Derbyshire's 189 for six. It gave them an overall lead of 200, and if Karl Eriksson (14 not out) and Phil DeFreitas (12 not out) can help extend that to around 250 it ought to be enough. There is a caveat, though, for Dominic Cork is injured and, unless Devon Malcolm returns to Planet Earth, Derbyshire will effectively be attempting the job with two bowlers. Somehow, between the carnage in Cape Town and yesterday, Malcolm has contrived to take more wickets — 76 — than any other bowler in the land. He may return with a vengeance today but thus far he has been least destroyer than pleasure-steamer. Four overs for 28 runs on Thursday were followed by another four yesterday, this time costing 34 — 15 of them in one over including two fours and a hooked six — as Glamme Welch (45) and Tim Munton (25 not out) added 62 for the final wicket to take Warwickshire from a potentially disastrous 169 for nine to 231. It was particularly hard on DeFreitas who, supported by the excellent Andrew Harris's three for 63, had solidified manfully from the Grandstand and to take seven for 101, his best figures for the county. Thanks to the last wicket, Warwickshire added precisely 100 in the morning before Harris had Welch caught at point. DeFreitas had earned his corn earlier, bowling Brown and Piper and having Small leg-before while Harris tipped in to have Giles taken at the wicket. Derbyshire then struggled to make headway, with Barnett, Rollins and Adams all back in the pavilion inside 20 overs. Jones and O'Gorman then restored the equilibrium with a fourth-wicket stand of 81 before Jones was smartly stumped by Piper down the leg side off Giles.

Essex v Sussex

Gooch is still in the driving seat

following the demise of Ed Giddins but here yesterday Gooch drove him with massive authority. Kirkley could afford a smile at the end of the day. He finished with four wickets, including that of Gooch, although he should not dwell on how they came. Gooch, after striking 13 fours in his 129-ball innings, offered a tame caught and bowled. Ronnie Irani drove straight to cover off the back foot and Robert Rollins cut another short delivery to point. Of the four only Paul Prichard was defeated by a decent delivery. Sussex started the day on 361 for eight and Essex wrapped up the innings in 13 balls. But Essex, with no one producing a major innings, looked in danger of not making 350 for a maximum four batting points until some late frolics by the tailenders. They were well placed at 115 for one at lunch, with Gooch on 60 and Nasser Hussain 36. But Hussain was out for 41 chasing a wide delivery from Vaseem Draxler. Gooch was third out at 167. Prichard fell almost immediately and when Stuart Law drove the off-spinner Nicky Phillips to mid-off the score was 248 and a meaningful lead was beyond them. Some late hitting by Irani (43), Rollins (29), Ashley Cowan (34) and Peter Such (19) saw Essex to 380, three runs behind.

Notts ripped apart by Gough's blast

AN EXPLOSIVE burst of Abowing by Darren Gough gave Yorkshire victory by six wickets and six runs over Nottinghamshire at Scarborough. In an inspired spell of 21 balls he claimed four for six as the visitors, reasonably comfortable on 83 for two, lost their last eight wickets for 34 runs. Gough finished with six for 35 — his best figures this season — and his match return of nine for 62 was his best since 1993 when he claimed 10 Somerset wickets for 96. Once he found his rhythm in his second spell Gough tore through the Nottinghamshire attack, taking 11 of his wickets for 18 runs in 9.3 overs. At Northampton, Mal Loye and Kevin Curran inspired one of Northamptonshire's most convincing batting performances of the season to give them a first-innings lead over Lancashire. Loye hit 115 fours in a fluent 90 off 118 balls and Curran weighed in with 85 not out as the home side closed on 357 for five in reply to 556. Gough came into his own in the final session, hitting a six and nine fours and enjoying stands of 69 with Tim Walton, although he contributed only seven, and 46 with Kevin Innes. Earlier, Lancashire lost the match when they were 19, Paul Taylor finishing with four for 73 and Innes claiming a career-best four for 81.

Scoreboard table for County Championship matches including Britannia Assurance County Championship, Lancashire v Yorkshire, and Gloucestershire v Warwickshire.

Scoreboard table for Lancashire v Yorkshire match, showing batting and bowling figures for both teams.

Scoreboard table for Gloucestershire v Warwickshire match, showing batting and bowling figures for both teams.

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Advertisement for the Saturday 28th-Sunday 29th September Festival at Ascot, featuring Ascot Racecourse, Ascot, Berks. Includes a call to book tickets now at 0171 413 3355.

The Guardian Sport



Mission statement
Houston walks out on Arsenal
22



Simmons simmers
Leicestershire power to top of the table
23

Clubs push for British league

Robert Armstrong reports on the latest upheavals to shake rugby union

ENGLISH club owners are ready to set up a British league. They will take a fresh turn on their divergent course away from the Rugby Football Union when they meet representatives of the top Scottish clubs in Edinburgh tomorrow to promote a plan for a new competition to be called the Super 16.

'Club rugby can only be a winner if it sharpens its competitive edge'

RFU contracts worth up to £70,000 a season each. A meeting in London yesterday between the players and Epruc officials gave renewed impetus to the clubs warning that they intend to break away from the RFU on October 11. The clubs have already begun negotiations with major sponsors and television companies with the aim of achieving fully independent status by the start of next season. It is virtually certain that the top players will not sign RFU contracts, though that does not necessarily deter them from playing for England in this season's internationals.

ity opposition, with the national leagues serving as regionalised lower divisions. It is hoped to start the new competition next September. According to a project consultant advising the clubs: "there is an urgent need to transform every league game involving the top clubs into a high-profile event in order to maximise revenue from all sources. That can only be achieved by pooling the available talent in a cross-border premier league that commands respectable TV ratings throughout Britain. Club rugby can only be a winner with the wider public if it sharpens its competitive edge."

Scottish clubs have a special incentive to take part in the Super 16 since their exclusion from the European Cup by the Scottish Rugby Union, which has opted instead to enter district teams.

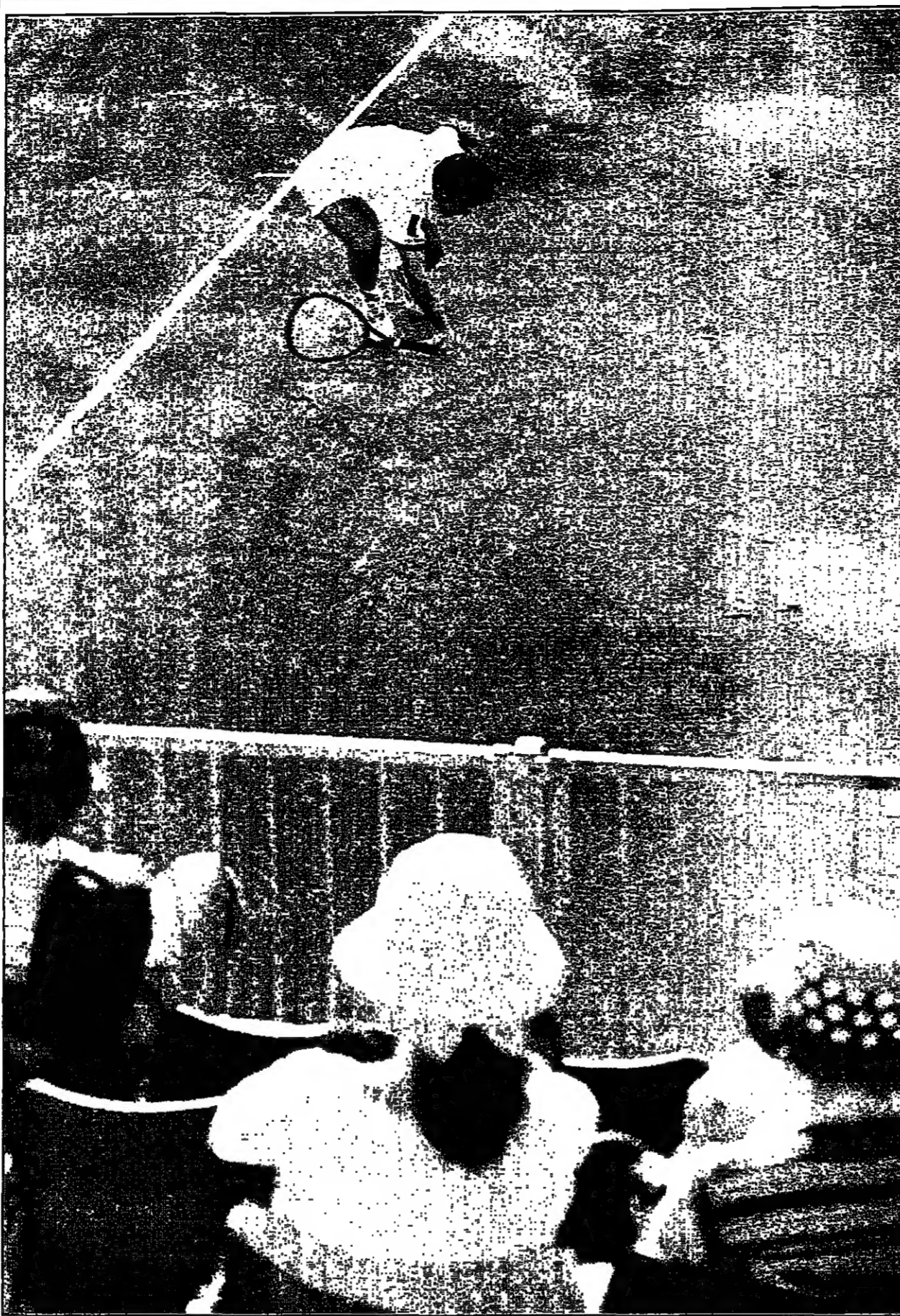
British clubs have also begun informal talks with their counterparts in Australia and South Africa with a view to staging a world club competition each summer. That tournament would rotate annually among the three nations, who would put forward a total of 12 clubs, including five from Britain.

The infrastructure of English rugby is about to undergo radical and probably painful surgery now that the elite players have distanced themselves firmly from last season's employer, the RFU, in favour of their current paymasters, Epruc. In a formal statement yesterday Donald Kerr, the Epruc chairman, elaborated on the issues that precipitated last week's boycott of an England squad session at Bisham Abbey.

"In order to break the deadlock, the England international squad have entered into an accord with Epruc Ltd concerning their availability for RFU representative teams including the England team," Kerr said.

"The interests of English rugby will best be served by a strong professional club structure supporting over 500 professionals who will be available to England, rather than a small elite group of players. The issue is not one of money; the players have committed themselves to a professional game and many have given up jobs. The players want rugby union at club and international level to flourish and have a positive belief in a future comprising successful clubs and a successful national side."

BRITONS SLIDE AWAY ON BOURNEMOUTH'S CLAY



Stumbling out... Britain's Danny Sapsford on the way to defeat in the International Open on Bournemouth's green clay yesterday. The top seed, Spain's Alberto Costa, won their quarter-final 6-1, 6-1 after Britain's other survivor, Greg Rusedski, had gone down in three sets to Jason Stoltenberg of Australia. Report, page 9.

Seventies a golden soccer age to boot



David Lacey

THERE seems to be a move afoot to represent the Seventies as a golden time for English football. If so it should be stamped on forthwith, and not just because England failed to make a major tournament between 1970 and 1986.

It is easy to see how such a notion might arise, especially when even the latest influx of foreign players has failed to inspire a resurgence among English teams in Europe. After all, the Seventies began with Manchester City and Chelsea winning the Cup Winners' Cup, and Arsenal, Leeds, Tottenham and Liverpool the Fairs and UEFA cups. They ended with the European Cup going to Liverpool (twice) and Nottingham Forest.

At home, Arsenal completed the Double and Liverpool began to win the championship on a regular basis. In between times the title went to Leeds United, the best team of the Seventies. The rest largely belonged to Brian Clough.

Sunderland's defeat of Leeds in the 1973 FA Cup final remains a giant-killing to cherish. The football played by Dave Sexton's Queens Park Rangers side still warms the memory, along with Bobby Robson's Ipswich.

Such happenings, however, were merely flickering candles in a dark age. In the Seventies the ugliness of the violence on the terraces often mirrored scenes on the field. Heaviness, nurtured in the Sixties and reaching a fatal nadir in the Eighties, was rampant in the decade between. Supporters were segregated and fenced in. Visiting fans were marched to and from grounds. Still the mayhem went on, at home and abroad.

Looking back, the responses of the football authorities to the problem appear even more feeble than they did at the time. Sitting safely in a Premiership ground now it is

hard to believe that the game let things deteriorate so far. We kept being told that it was not a football problem.

The Ibrox tragedy of 1971 led to the Safety at Sports Grounds Act of 1975, but it took the Eighties and Hillsborough, where a safety crisis was wrongly diagnosed as a security threat, to purge the game of Seventies attitudes.

There were times, too, when what we were watching appeared irredeemably flawed. Don Revie's Leeds teams might have led the way in cynicism from the mid-Sixties onwards but they had their imitators. Now another season has begun with a glut of yellow and red cards, and disgruntled managers are accusing referees of ruining the game. But whenever television shows the immaculately coiffured footballers of the Seventies kicking lumps of one another, when they were not actually fighting, it is clear that the only people who ever came close to doing this were the players.

The 1970 FA Cup final replay between Chelsea and Leeds, which plumbed new depths even by the standards of the time, prompted the first "refs' revolution", which saw players booked and sent off for offences that had become second nature to them. But until recently the need to deal with the tackle that took man before ball was ignored.

Those who happily hacked paths through the early Seventies would be given short shrift now. It would hardly be worth Peter Storey taking the field. Jack Charlton would soon be arguing his way to an early bath. Even Vin Jones might wonder what on earth the game was coming to.

THE careers of players such as George Best and Charlie George, both victims of *laissez-faire* attitudes towards foul play, might have been extinguished in the present climate. In the Seventies there were periods when English football, always physical within accepted limits, seemed set on kicking itself to death.

So by all means pine for the game's lost democracy and a time when QPR, Ipswich and West Bromwich Albion could challenge for the league championship. But football is fun to watch now that it was 20 years ago. And it may even be more fun to play.

Quiz Answers

- 1. (c) Cherie Blah, recommending the dish in her role as guest editor of Prima.
- 2. The co-pilot of flight BA8370 from Birmingham to Milan. Well the plane was at 33,000 feet.
- 3. (c) Just west of Slovenia. Umberto Bossi has declared the northern third of Italy independent and called it Padania.
- 4. (c) Catherine Cookson
- 5. (a) Sandra Locke, his former partner, who claimed in court that she was cheated out of millions.
- 6. George Graham, appointed manager of Leeds United.
- 7. Nothing, though critics suggested his proposed 1,225-foot Millennium Tower resembled the much-loved cocktail snack.
- 8. (a) and (c). Neither the writer nor the star were there, but Jemima Khan hosted the event.
- 9. Princess Stephanie and Caroline of Monaco.
- 10. (c) Marianne Faithfull
- 11. (b) Emma Nicholson
- 12. (a) Paq
- 13. The Sodor branch line, home of Thomas the Tank Engine and the Fat Controller.
- 14. Coemo Lang, Archbishop from 1923-42, who according to a new Channel 4 series was gay.
- 15. (c) Stephen Morris

How you rate:
0-4 Ghrids
5-9 Courgette
10-14 Cucumber
15 Patrow

Guardian COLLINS Crossword 20,758

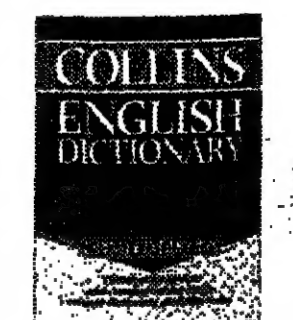
A copy of the Collins English Dictionary will be sent to the first five correct entries drawn. Entries to Guardian Crossword No 20,758, P.O. Box 315, Mitcham, Surrey CR4 3AX, by first post on Friday Solution and winners in the Guardian on Monday September 23.

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- Set by Araucaria**
- Across**
- 1,5 Steamy, fruitly affair giving the government something to prove? (7,7)
 - 9 Muppet show needs oxygen to raise the speed? (2-9)
 - 10 Illuminated period for student, to be exact? (7)
 - 11 I would like leader in board game to be s.p. (9)
 - 12 Island often conned (5)
 - 13 Trademark's the Word (5)
 - 15 See 21
 - 17 Bird and beast for Banbury could give shock to the core (9)
 - 19 Land where one doesn't start with a friend (5)
- Down**
- 22 I shall be heard in the gangway (5)
 - 23 Everyman book? One number made funny money proposed by another (4-5)
 - 25,26 Sort of sandwich with whiskey, the ultimate folly? (7,7)
 - 27 Put one's name down once more for green rolling? (2-5)
 - 28 Journalist holds a gun in Tower Hamlets (4,3)



- 4 Awful rot by Dickensian who lays on the flattery? (9)
- 5 Law enforcers in Edinburgh or Athens? (5)
- 6 Enticed to building to make discovery? (9)
- 7 Middle-Easterner is King of Britain raised on Island (7)
- 8 See 20
- 14 Berries scattered round church by German writer, Welsh translator, or furniture maker (9)
- 16 Docile has a D in it that can be changed (8)
- 17 See 1 down
- 18 See 2
- 20,8 Visualise gods providing clergy are lit up (7,7)
- 21,15 Termed 21 competence to be company property? (7,9)
- 23 Fifth lane up for greasing? (9)
- 24 Thinks of 9 (5)

CROSSWORD SOLUTION 20,757

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Ruddles County Riddles.

No. 11. Heads you win

Adam who works at Ruddlee Brewery in Retland decided to take a holiday in the Highlands of Scotland to smell the heather rather than the hops for a change. He loved the scenery but he had a little trouble with the "heavy" preferring the familiar taste of Ruddles County which is so accessible in most of Britain but somewhat harder to find in the mountains of Scotland.

After 10 days even the beauty of the scenery began to pall and the memory of his beloved Ruddlee (so near yet so far away) started to get to him. To take his mind off things and for want of something better to do he decided to have his hair cut. He went in to the only barber shop for miles around to find the two resident barbers. Adam noticed immediately that the one

called Hamish had an appealing haircut, while the other who was known as "Brevthead" had a nightmarish mop of hair. Being a chrewd Sassenach for all his quiet ways, Adam knew his choice of barber was critical. However he chose correctly and left with a smart trim. Who did Adam choose to cut his hair and why?



R. Brevthead - on the assumption that Hamish and Brevthead cut each others hair, Brevthead obviously has more talent with Hamish than vice versa.

مكازم التحصيل

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